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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Richard Bentley, D.D., Master of Trinity College, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge: with an Account of his Writings, and Anecdotes of many distinguished Characters during the Period in which he flourished. By J. H. Monk, D.D. Dean of Peterborough. 4to. pp. 668. Appendix, pp. 83. London, 1830, Rivingtons: Cambridge, Deighton.

DR. MONK has here performed a task most acceptable to every scholar, and to general literary history. The feelings and manners of authors have undergone so great a change, even within the comparatively short period which has elapsed since the death of Bentley, that a revival of the spirit of his times, opinions, and controversies, is like the description of a long-forgotten epoch: our faint remembrances are refreshed, almost mouldered images are restored to their niches, and the busy world of literature which preceded our living era is brought into an interesting contrast with our own pretensions, discoveries, and condition, as actors on the scene of learning and science. The life of Bentley, impartially and ably developed by Dr. Monk, involving in great measure the literary annals of the first half of last century, and the particular history of the University of Cambridge, was a desideratum which is now supplied in the most satisfactory manner; and a sterling work has been added to the stores of British biography. At the death of the late Master of Trinity, a mass of Bentley's correspondence with the greatest scholars of his time was happily found in Trinity Lodge;—Dr. Colbatch's papers, and others of the prosecutors of the Dr., have also been preserved, and tend to augment the value of this publication;—and from these and other authentic sources, the reverend dean, his successor, has had it in his power, and has well availed himself of the materials, to enrich his volume with much of new and curious illustration.

Richard Bentley was born, January 1661-2, at Oulton, near Wakefield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, of respectable parents, and educated, after his infancy, at Wakefield. In 1676 he was admitted a subsizar of St. John's, Cambridge; and it would appear was early distinguished for eminent talents and acquirements. In January 1679-80 he commenced B.A., and was soon after appointed master of Spalding school, where he taught for about twelve months. Having, however, been chosen as tutor to the son of Dr. Stillingfleet, he acquired the most important facilities in the library of that eminent divine for cultivating his mind, and earnestly applied himself to studies of the highest order. In July 1683 he took his degree of M.A.; and though doubtless looking forward to the clerical profession, the unsettled state of the church under James II. prevented him from coming forward for a few years, and it was so late as 1696 that he was created D.D. Immediately after this, the famous controversy re-

specting the Epistles of Phalaris raged in the learned world, and produced the display of as much erudition and profound classical attainments as ever distinguished any literary discussion in any age or country. It must not, therefore, be carelessly viewed as a dispute on an indifferent point, whether a tyrant or a sophist was the author of these Epistles; but as a theme which occupied the minds and provoked the labours of the first scholars of the age, of Bentley, of Wotton, of Temple, of Boyle, of Swift, of Atterbury, of Smalridge, of Alsop, and others, and led to the elucidation of many of the most interesting questions in ancient literature. Dr. Monk's epitome of this, divested of the tediousness of the contest, and giving an admirable view of its leading features, is one of the most instructive as well as entertaining episodes which can be conceived. But before we turn the page to this part, we ought to notice, that Bentley being appointed first lecturer on the institution of Mr. Boyle, was the earliest individual in the field to spread the knowledge of Newton's immortal discoveries. Yet with all his vast erudition, his haughty and uncompromising temper raised him up many bitter enemies; and his career, instead of one of learned repose, was made one of anger and strife.

In 1692 it is stated, "The *Principia* had now been published about six years; but the sublime discoveries of that work were yet little known, owing not merely to the obstacles which oppose the reception of novelty, but to the difficulty of comprehending the proofs whereby they are established. There has been preserved among Bentley's papers a manuscript in Newton's own hand, containing directions respecting the books to be read as a preparation for the perusal of his *Principia*. Bentley, for whose use they appear to have been drawn up, having a mind well adapted for mathematical reasoning, not only made himself master of the system, but was able to discern the purpose which it might serve, in demonstrating the providence and benevolence of the Creator. Atheistical writers had propounded theories, whereby the creation of the world out of chaos, and the subsequent maintenance of our system, were explained by what they termed 'natural causes.' Such schemes, which excluded all immediate agency of the Divine will, had been numerous; but the fact was, that they all contradicted the laws of nature, upon which they pretended to be founded, as completely as was done by the Epicurean hypothesis of atoms descending down an infinite space by an inherent principle of gravitation tending not towards other matter, but towards a vacuum, and verging from the perpendicular. The erroneous but prevalent system of Des Cartes, which supposed the planets to be carried round the sun by the force of vortices, afforded too great a handle for atheistical reasoners, not to be pressed into their service. But our incomparable philosopher had now demonstrated the falsehood of the Cartesian notions, and established the general law of

gravity, and whatever relates to the motions, bulks, and densities of the planets, by proofs never to be shaken. To Bentley belongs the undoubted merit of having been the first to lay open these discoveries in a popular form, and to explain their irresistible force in the proof of a Deity. This constitutes the subject of his seventh and eighth sermons; pieces admirable for the clearness with which it is developed, as well as for the logical precision of their arguments. Among other topics, he shews how contradictory to the principles of philosophy is the notion of the matter contained in the solar system having once been diffused over a chaotic space, and afterwards combined into the large bodies of the sun, planets, and secondaries, by the force of mutual gravitation; and he explains, that the planets could never have obtained their transverse motion, which causes them to revolve round the sun in orbits nearly circular, from the agency of any cause but the arm of an almighty Creator. From these and other subjects of physical astronomy, as well as from the discoveries of Boyle, the founder of the lecture, respecting the nature and properties of the atmosphere, a conviction is irresistibly impressed upon the mind of the wisdom and benevolence of the Deity: and we are assured that the effect of these discourses was such, that atheism was deserted as untenable ground; or, to use his own expression, the atheists were 'silent since that time, and sheltered themselves under deism.'

About two years after this, Bentley was made keeper of the king's library and chaplain to the king; and, from his contest with Joshua Barnes respecting the six spurious Epistles of Euripides, was plunged into the famous Phalarian controversy, to which we have already alluded, and into the details of which we have no convenience to enter. Suffice it to repeat, that it arose out of Sir William Temple's unguarded and untenable proposition, that *Æsop's Fables* and *Phalaris's Epistles* were the most admirable and ancient remains of profane authorship. This Bentley undertook to confute, and hence arose the celebrated *Battle of the Books*.*

A prodigious sensation was produced by Bentley's first dissertation to refute this theory, and prove from chronology, language, matter, &c. not only that these works were forgeries, but that Letters attributed to Themistocles, Socrates, and Euripides, were nothing better.†

* Apology: we have in our possession an original letter of Dean Swift's, dated More Park, April 1, 1688, which completely explains the causes of his leaving his prebend at Kilroot, in Ireland—the subject of much imputation and scandal, and the only important point in his life which Sir Walter Scott was not able to clear up in the Memoir prefixed to his edition of Swift's Works. See vol. i. p. 35, et seq. We shall take an opportunity of publishing this interesting document.—Ed. L. G.

† "Whether *Æsop* himself left any thing in writing, or whether his Fables were preserved by oral tradition, is a point which admits of dispute. From Plato we learn that Socrates amused himself when in prison with putting into verse some of these apoloques, which he happened to recollect. The first collection which we hear of was made by Demetrius Phalareus, the peripatetic philosopher of Athens, who wrote and declaimed about a cen-

Against our critic all the forces of ridicule and learning were mustered—from the Tale of a Tub, and the Battle of the Books, to Atterbury's graver but hardly less satirical attacks. He, however, maintained his ground manfully, and in the issue his victory was complete—inasmuch that none of the Boyleau associates ever afterwards appeared as critics.

In his disputes respecting Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was made master, Bentley does not appear to have been so fortunate. His overbearing character excited a host of adversaries among the senior fellows, graduates, and others; and, what with proposed reforms and other things, the college soon became a scene of utter discord and contention. In 1700, by way of compensation, we may notice his marriage to Mrs. Joanna Bernard, a daughter of Sir John Bernard, with whom he enjoyed great happiness during a union of forty years: by her he had four children, two sons and two daughters. Next year he got the church dignity of Archdeacon of Ely, with two livings attached to it.

It would be absurd in us to attempt a relation of our critic's law-suits and turmoils; nor is it necessary to particularise his publications, or dwell upon his change of political party and adhesion to the Tory premier, Lord Oxford, to whom he dedicated, 1711, his splendid edition of Horace.

During all this time his fight at Trinity College was going on; and the Bishop of Ely's opinion being unfavourable to the master, sentence of deprivation was prepared against him, for wasting the college goods and violating the statutes—when death carried off first Bishop Moore and then Queen Anne. Bentley thereupon reconciled himself with the Fellows—but other troubles succeeded; and after being elected regius professor of divinity, making doctors of divinity in the king's presence, and other acts of public honour, the quarrels ran to so extravagant a pitch, that Bentley was finally prohibited from acting as a professor, and deprived of his degrees by the senate, 1718. "On the votes being taken, the grace for degrading Dr. Bentley was carried in the Non-regents' House by forty-six voices against fifteen; and in the Regents' by sixty-two against thirty-five. This unexampled measure was thus effected by more than a double majority; but among the dignitaries of the University, a still greater proportion was found on the side of severity. An eye-witness records that a greater display of scarlet robes appeared in the Senate House on this day than ever had been seen in the memory of man: of thirty doctors present, no less than twenty-three voted for the degradation of their brother; and of ten heads of colleges, all but one joined in the same cause."⁴

Much pamphleteering followed this measure; and in 1724 the Dr. was legally restored to his rank and station.

"The habits of Dr. Bentley's domestic life continued in the same simple and uniform course for many years. The greater part of each day he passed in his study, where he breakfasted alone; he joined his family at the other meals, and at ten o'clock for evening prayers; after which they retired for their night's repose. Habited in his dressing-gown, he pursued his studies with the same application as had distinguished the earlier periods of his life. The tempestuous feuds in which he was now embarked appear neither to have deranged his habits, nor affected his health. The only change which they produced in his course of life was by obliging him to make more frequent journeys to London, and pass a longer time at his residence in Cotton House. Once a year his family accompanied him; at other times he left them in college, travelling himself in the stage coach. His constitution seems not to have required exercise; nor do I hear of his taking any, except that he sometimes walked on the terrace in his garden. But robust as his health is represented to have been, it was frequently affected by catching cold; a consequence of the reclusive life which he generally passed. Bentley's aversion to letter-writing increased with his years; and he seems for some time to have dropped almost all correspondence, except such as was called for by the imperious claims of business.

We find Bentley refusing after this the bishopric of Bristol and the deanery of Lincoln; and in 1728 his daughter Joanna was married to Mr. Denison Cumberland, of the family of Cumberland the dramatist. She was the Phoebe of the celebrated Pastoral in the *Spectator*. Among other memorabilia in the life of this eminent scholar, we should state that he proceeded some way with an edition of the New Testament, though circumstances led him to abandon the design; and he published an edition of Milton, with much in the commentaries (which were, as usual, very arrogant,) both to condemn and commend, though the former strongly predominates. His labours on Homer, and his discovery of the Digamma, were performances of a far different character and value, and would alone immortalise his name as a profound scholar and sagacious critic; although Pope, Arbuthnot, and the "Portentous Club," fell upon the aged literary giant with all their ironical might. (See the

Dunciad, Martinus Scriblerus, &c. &c.) A paralytic stroke, however, in 1739, was more fatal to the further prosecution of these learned pursuits, and abruptly stopped his Homeric toils: on the following year he lost his amiable wife.

"Deprived of the comfort and support of her society and virtues, he felt for the first time the real afflictions of mortality. His daughters were both married: the eldest had first been the wife of Mr. Humphrey Ridge, a gentleman of good family in Hampshire, who, in less than a year, left her a widow. After his death she returned to her father's house, and solaced, by her attentions, the affliction of his declining years. In this duty she was joined by her sister, Mrs. Cumberland: after the death of her mother, she and her family passed much of their time in Trinity Lodge. Surrounded with such friends, the doctor experienced the joint pressure of old age and infirmity as lightly as is consistent with the lot of humanity. He continued to amuse himself with reading; and though nearly confined to his arm-chair, was able to enjoy the society of his friends, and several rising scholars, who sought the conversation of the veteran Grecian: with them he still discussed the readings of classical authors, recited Homer, and expounded the doctrine of the digamma; and, as it appears from the recollections of one of the visitors, Mr. Salter, used to communicate the earlier events of his own literary career."

"Meanwhile the whole government of the college was left in the hands of the vice-master; who seems to have managed matters with such address, that the four years of Bentley's life, subsequent to the prosecution, were, as far as he can discover, free from disturbance or uneasiness. It is a proof of no common tact and judgment, that after so violent an agitation for many years, he should have been able to calm the excited and angry feelings with which the society had been distracted. As the minor particulars of the lives of great men are objects of curiosity, it is recorded that Bentley enjoyed smoking tobacco with his constant companion; a practice which he did not begin before his seventieth year: he is stated also to have been an admirer of good port wine, while he thought contemptuously of claret, which he said 'would be port if it could.' He generally wore, while sitting in his study, a hat with an enormous brim, as a shade to protect his eyes; and he affected more than ever a fashion of addressing his familiars with the singular pronouns *thou* and *thee*."

But (oh this but!) says Dr. Monk, "My narrative has now reached its last stage; and no more remains but to relate the termination of Bentley's mortal career. He used in his old age to compare himself with 'an old trunk, which, if you let it alone, will last a long time; but if you jumble it by moving, will soon fall to pieces.' Tradition in Cambridge has recorded that he said he thought himself likely to live to fourscore, an age long enough to read every thing which was worth reading; adding, in his peculiar manner,

Et tunc magna mei sub terribilibus imago.

In January 1742 he completed his eightieth year. In June, I find that his health and spirits enabled him to officiate as examiner and elector to Lord Craven's two University scholarships; about a month afterwards he was seized with a complaint which is said to have been a pleuritic fever. He himself suggested that his case required bleeding; but Dr. Herberden, who was then a young physician practising at Cambridge, would not venture upon

tury later than Socrates. After him the Fables were put into verse by some one whose name is lost: fragments of this collection have been preserved, and are principally in elegiac measure. The present collection originated with Babrius, a Greek poet, whose age is uncertain, but whom Bentley considers to be in the latest class of good writers: he composed *Æsopian Fables* in *æscion* or *choliambic* verse, of which specimens are quoted by Suidas and others. Maximus Planudes, the same who translated Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, *Cæsar's Commentaries*, and other Latin books into Greek, amused himself with the edifying task of putting Babrius into very dull prose; and this notable performance is the very collection which is the delight of our nurseries, and which Sir W. Temple extolled above all other prose writings, as being at once the oldest and the best in the world. Babrius, however, was not so completely *transposed* but that many traces of his verse, and indeed whole *choliambic* lines, remain: some of which Bentley pointed out, and observed that they were quoted elsewhere as from Babrius. This discovery had been before made by Neveletus, who printed 136 of the Fables, from a manuscript in the Heidelberg Library, in the year 1640. Planudes, who was himself a monk, makes *Æscop* speak in one place of the monastic order, and in another gives a quotation from the Book of Job. The subject, however, far from being exhausted, was but slightly touched by Bentley, and has received much greater light from writers who have had the advantage of older copies, in which the verses of Babrius may be extracted from their mutilated and disguised form, and exhibit, not indeed 'the oldest prose writer in existence,' but, in his stead, a terse, elegant, and pleasing poet, who lived many centuries nearer our own times. To this Planudes belongs, as Bentley believed, the Life of *Æscop*, filled with unfounded and absurd fictions: among these is the account of the old fabulist's personal deformity—a story as generally believed as the fact that he was a Phrygian and a slave, to whom the Athenians erected a statue; but one which is not only without authority, but contrary to every fair and probable supposition."

* "Rud's Diary. Rud, who had become D.D. the preceding year, and was himself one of the fifty who voted in favour of Dr. Bentley, would appear from the following remarks not to have been greatly mortified at the catastrophe:—"So the great Dr. Bentley was reduced to be a bare Harry-Soph, being not able to gain above fifty votes in the whole University; though a great many did indeed stay away, that they might not offend him by voting against him; yet 108 appeared against him."

† "The single head who voted in Bentley's favour I conclude to have been Davies, the President of Queen's. Bradford and Waterland were out of the University during the whole of the proceedings."

that remedy. The illness appearing serious, his family sent to Stamford for Dr. Wallis, who lost no time in going to Cambridge to visit his venerable friend; but before his arrival, Dr. Bentley was no more. He expired on the 14th of July. Dr. Wallis is stated to have expressed much regret that the patient's own suggestion had not been complied with. His remains were interred on the north side of the communion-rails of the college chapel: after the ceremony, a funeral oration in Latin was spoken in commendation of the deceased by Philip Yonge, at that time one of the college tutors, who became shortly afterwards public orator, and in process of time Bishop of Norwich. A small square stone in the pavement comprises the only memorial of Dr. Bentley; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that the inscription on this stone withholds from him his title of Master of the College. This omission obviously proceeded from that part of the fellows, who contended that after the visitor's sentence of deprivation, he had ceased to be their legitimate head; and I infer from it, that Colbatch's party happened at that moment to be sufficiently strong to make the suppression of his title a condition of the interment taking place in the chapel with the usual honours. The feelings resulting from the late feuds will account for no monument being erected to the memory of this illustrious character."

The following is an appropriate conclusion to a review of an excellent work, in a periodical venturing to call itself a *Literary Gazette*. "The most valuable bequest of Bentley, was that of his library and papers; the whole of these (except some old Greek manuscripts brought from Mount Athos, which he left to the college) he made the property of his nephew, Richard, the sole executor of his will; probably expecting that he would give to the world his edition of the New Testament, and others of his unpublished lucubrations. But this gentleman never edited any posthumous works of his uncle; and returned the money of the subscribers to the Testament. Part of the books were sold immediately, the possessor not having a house large enough to contain the whole; the remainder continued in his personage at Nailstone, in Leicestershire, till his death in 1786, when they also were sold by auction; but with one important exception. The whole of Bentley's manuscripts and critical apparatus for his edition of the New Testament, his corrected copy of Homer, and copy-book of manuscript notes, his Hesychius, and Hephæstion, were bequeathed by Dr. Richard to Trinity College, of which he continued a fellow till his death. He had many years before given a valuable portion of his uncle's classical books, bearing his marginal notes, along with his literary correspondence, to Mr. Cumberland, the well-known dramatist and poet, by whom the papers were transferred to Trinity College, and the volumes sold to Læckington the bookseller; but by the public spirit and right feeling of the latter, his entire purchase became the property of the British Museum, and, as I have understood, without any advance of price."

Tales of the Tar. 12mo. pp. 333. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THE modesty of a single volume is so rare in these days, that it prepossesses us in favour of the author, Captain Glascock, R.N.; and the *Tales of the Tar* have justified our anticipation. They are nine in number; and we will pre-

sume to say, on our landsman critical authority, perfect pictures of sea fashions and seamen. As naval sketches, they are indeed true almost to a fault; every syllable is redolent of tar, and every thought and action seems to be generated by the motion of shipboard. Jack neither speaks, walks, nor reasons, like a fellow a-shore: his lingo, his swing, and his conclusions, are all essentially different; and while tossed by a hurricane, he sincerely pities the poor creatures on *terra firma*, who are exposed to accident from tiles or chimney-pots being blown about their heads.

The Breeze at Spithead, which occupies 174 pages of the work, is not only a narrative of great interest in itself, but of high importance in a historical point of view; the facts being gathered with much care from the most authentic sources, some of the actors in that mutiny, which at one time frightened our isle from its propriety, and threatened the most serious consequences to the kingdom.

"The sketch of the mutiny at Spithead," says Captain G., "which, under a consciousness of the vast labour expended in the accumulation of materials, the author had almost called a history of that alarming event, has been derived, in great measure, from the lips of some of the living delegates, who were 'the head and front of the offending,' and who, in their younger and more active days, dared not reveal that which, at this time, and at their present age, and harmlessness of character, may be discussed freely and at large. The individual who figures as chief speaker in the dialogue is now living in Greenwich Hospital. The author has not only availed himself of this man's name, but has endeavoured to preserve the characteristics of his mind and language; and it may be the more necessary to state this, inasmuch as his style of discourse may be thought inconsistent with the *no-education* and habits of life of a thorough-bred seaman. Fleming, indeed, is a remarkable person. The author possesses several of his letters relative to the subject of the mutiny; and their manner of expression, albeit a little ambitious, would not discredit a scholar. The professional reader, if he should happen to bestow a careful attention on the minor stories and anecdotes in the following volume, may, perchance, discover a few practical truths (by way of moral) lurking in the incidents. He may stumble on something which may either confirm some previous thought of his own, or suggest hints for future cogitation. Be this as it may, the author will, perhaps, be forgiven, for saying that his aim has not been confined to mere entertainment."

It is our duty to confirm this claim. The sea phraseology must not be fancied to be of that sort of slang which would prevent general readers from understanding or relishing the story; on the contrary, it is the seasoning of the dish: and with regard to moral and professional instruction, we are convinced that few officers in his Majesty's navy will rise from the perusal of this volume without being much benefited by the hints it throws out, and the lessons it affords for the good of the service. We will now endeavour to illustrate our opinions by an extract.

The sailors having determined on a redress of their grievances, the complaints respecting which had, it must be confessed, been sadly neglected—the breaking out of the storm is thus described:—

"Well, five or six weeks passes over from our first sailing to our return to Spithead, when, on the 15th of April, the Royal George

makes the signal to prepare to sea—this was of a Sunday afternoon. There was little more done that day than to broach the business.' 'How?' 'Why, by three thund'ring cheers, led by the lazy Charlotte, and followed by every ship in the fleet, as fast as they could rig their roars. Never, no, never since the fall o' man was known such a hallabaloo. Why, the very air rung wi' the roar, and the ships at their anchors shook for all the world like the shock of an earthquake. I was alongside the Charlotte at the time—for you see I was coxon o' the cutter as only a little afore left the frigate to fetch our carpenter aboard, as went to look at the model of a new fashion way o' fishing a taupe-sail yard. Well, pea from pan never popped faster nor did Bill from the boat at the sound o' the Charlotte's cheer; 'for,' says I to myself, 'the breeze's began.' Afore you could well crack a biscuit I stood on her starboard gangway. There were the leaftennants, mates, midshipmen, purser, surgeon, warrant-officers, and all, flyin' up the ladders, and must'ring helter-skelter on deck, like men as was fairly mazed. The second leaftennant had charge o' the ship, for the first was ashore, and the captain, in course, was seldom aboard. One Mister W——n was second leaftennant, and a finer fellow, they said, never took trumpet in hand. I'll never forget, no never, as long as breath's in the body o' Bill, the look o' the man when he first tumbles up from below. 'What's the matter—what's the matter?' says he, lookin' up in the crowded riggin', with his eyes starin' out of his head—for the riggin' was reg'larly manned, and there was more, ay, more nor seven hundred souls in the ahrouds! 'Oh God!' says he, flingin' himself down on his knees, and heavin' up his arms aloft—'oh,' says he, 'is it come to this! Shoot me—shoot me!' says he—'blow out my brains at once, for I never can live to hear it said, that whilst I,' said he, with the blood bilin' up in his face, 'whilst I had charge o' the ship, a disturbance broke out aboard!' 'We'll not hurt a hair o' your head,' sings out a couple o' hands, fast hurryin' down from the larboard main-riggin'—'No, not a hair,' says Uddlestone, one of the Charlotte's quarter-gunnars, as was made one of her delicats. 'Not a hair,' says Bob Glyn, the other as belonged to the folks—for I knew the pair on 'em well. 'Not a hair,' says Bob, stepping up to the man on his knees. 'Get up, sir—up, sir,' says Uddlestone. 'Rise, Mister W——n—rise, sir,' says Glyn, 'you've always behaved like a man,' says Bob, as he and Uddlestone lends the poor gemman a fist to get on his pins—'we've nothing to say, no, not a word against you, Mister W——n, nor officer aboard.' 'No,' says Uddlestone, 'we wants no more nor our grievances granted,—and it's not the leaftennants, nor yet the captains, in the fleet as can now do what we wants.' Well, you know, the whole fleet a followin' the Charlotte's cheer, shewed the officers at once 'twas a reg'lar blow-up, and not confined to one or two such dissatisfied ships as ourselves—so, in course, they tries to palaver over the Charlottes, and advises them to return to their reg'lar duty, like men. 'So we will,' says Glyn, 'when treated like men, but never afore. And moreover,' says he, 'the fleet,' says Bob, 'have made up their minds not to put breast to bar, or lift an anchor, till our wrongs are reg'larly righted.' 'But mind,' says one Bill Williams, a Welshman born—as fine a young fellow as ever you seed—he stood six feet two in his stockin'-feet—'mind ye,' says he, steppin' for'ard in front o' the officers—'ay, and let it be clapt in the log,' says he,

slappin' his thigh to give weight to his words, for Bill, they said, was a capital scholar, and could spout by the fathom w' the best bender aboard—'mind, gemmen,' says he, 'if so be as the enemy's fleet puts to sea, we'll first give the ships up to the officers—follow and fight 'em—ay, and beat 'em in the bargain; for d— it,' says he, 'it never shall be said we shyd Mister Crappo, or hadn't the same nat'ral likin' to lick him as ever. And then,' says he, with a flourish of his fist, 'we'll come back to Spithead in the triumph,' (though I don know why he should fix upon *she*, for she wasn't altogether one of the stanchest), 'and repeat,' says he, 'our complaints till we makes every lord in the land shake in his shoes.' Well, you know, the ball once opened, the next step throughout the fleet as was taken, was to get hold o' the keys o' the magazine and arm-chests. We then tried to mollify the officers—tho', I b'lieve, aboard the Mars, there wasn't many sweet words passed atwixt 'em; and what's more, I b'lieve they claps some blue-jacket sentries over some of their doors. But aboard most o' the ships, the officers were told no offence was meant to them; and to shew 'em there wasn't, it was wished they should carry on the reg'lar duty afloat, as if nothing had happened amiss in the fleet; but at the same time they gets a bit of a hint, they wasn't to interfere w' the way we went to work to get our grievances granted."

The meeting of the delegates, two from each ship, and their proceedings, are related with singular accuracy; and there is an account of the ducking of a Jew who cracked a joke upon them, told in so amusing a way, that we regret it is too long to be quoted as an example of the author's humour. It is a remarkable circumstance, that after the Breeze at Spithead had subsided, a woman was the cause of the mutiny breaking out again at St. Helens.

"This damsel (it is stated) had been in the habit of receiving occasional visits from Admiral C—s steward on shore; and upon one of those tender occasions had picked from the admiral's man, that the London and Marlborough were detained at Spithead until Lord Bridport had sailed, in order that, if necessary, Admiral C—s might proceed to punish the crews of both ships by decimation—"What! by starvation?" cried Miller. "You shall presently hear," said Fleming, perfectly composed; "and that Sir John had received orders to that effect from the commander-in-chief. Upon this information, the well-meaning girl, quietly dismissing her admirer, forthwith proceeded to St. Helens, to put Valentine Joice (who with the fair one, it seems, was a still more favoured swain than the steward,) in possession of a secret which was indeed of such vital importance to the ships' companies detained at Spithead. Already alongside of the George at St. Helens, she inquired for Joice; nor did she desire to ascend the side—'twas sufficient to see him below in the boat. Permission was granted, for the order of things was now reversed—a few days before all leave was obtained from Joice himself. In five minutes, at most, the untimely secret was disclosed—Joice's mind was made up; the girl's account fully confirmed the rumour already afloat; the die was cast, and before the next bell was struck, three tell-tale cheers, followed in fast succession by every ship at the anchorage, again proclaimed the distracted state of the fleet: though, be it remarked, not a ship had been previously prepared for so sudden a burst of—"

A Lieutenant Bover, of the London, having

ordered the marines to fire on the seamen, by which a sailor was killed, very narrowly escaped being hanged for this deed. His neck was saved from the halter by the timely interference of two of the men; but his conduct was afterwards regularly investigated by the delegates in council.

"The delegates met in the Mars' gun-room. The case demanded the most solemn consideration; and the gun-room, as being apart from the people, was purposely selected to investigate the affair; though, I must say, that there was little obtrusive curiosity evinced on the part of the Mars' ship's company." Of course not, said Tailor; 'the committee-men had made up their minds on the matter.' 'Perhaps so. Well, the blood spilt in the London had already aroused the wrath of the fleet, and had called forth the worst feelings of the worst afloat—for what feeling can be worse than that of revenge? Upon the fate of the unfortunate lieutenant, each ship, with the exception of the London and George, had, unsolicited, sent in her sealed sentence. Nor was there evidence wanting to prove that the lieutenant's fire was the first to draw blood; for poor Bover himself was the first to confess the fact. The fourteen letters, or rather packets, for they assumed a formidable shape, were opened and read by the delegates of their respective ships. This occupied a few moments of solemn silence; and I'll venture to assert that no other instance ever occurred, in which fourteen papers, purporting to say so much, having been so thoroughly read and understood in so short a period.' 'Why you know,' said Tailor, 'it's only when people mean what they say, that they're little to say.' 'Exactly so—you say no more than true,' said Miller. 'Now, the whole time I was abroad, I never writes to the old woman in any other way than this—and more the old girl never wanted: 'Dear Bet,' says I, 'I'm well and hearty, and continues to 'lot as long as you continues an honest woman—Yours, Tom.' 'Now there, truth stares her full in the face. But if I spins her a long roguish yarn 'bout lubberly love, and the likes of that there tiresome trash, or sends her a longer sarmin 'bout followin' the sogers and the like, why, then, there's a thin look o' truth on one side or t'other. Bet natrally says, 'If Tom likes Bet, where's the kashun to tell at this time o' day,'—and if Bet likes Tom, why talk of followin' the sogers? And so I says, them as wanted the leaftennant's life shewed they were in earnest, or they wouldn't have said so little about it.' 'It were well for many,' said Fleming, 'if the lawyers and you could agree.' 'D—n the lawyers—back to the breeze, and keep full-and-by.' 'To the best of my recollection, the letters—the dead letters, as since designated, ran thus—'We of the Mars say, instantaneous death.'—'The Marlboroughs say, blood for blood.'—'The Minotaurs have determined on death.'—'We of the Charlotte say, use the yard-ropes.'—And so on—a similar strain pervading the fourteen letters. At this moment Alex. Harding, my brother delegate for the London, was either taken really unwell, or feigned to be so—some suspected the latter. He rose from the table, walked about the gun-room, but never resumed his seat, or ever after sat as a delegate. The fact was, those brief documents of death unmanned him. He at once saw the feeling of the fleet. Nor were the majority of delegates, who were really a well-disposed and humane set of men, less sensible of the excitement afloat; but the dread of the reception with which they should meet on their return to their

respective ships, induced many to yield their opinion to that which was termed the 'general voice.' 'In course, the general vice was their only guide.'"

Fleming again interfered and saved the lieutenant. Lord Howe's visit to the mutineers, and the redress of their grievances, wind up the tale, with which, we have only to repeat, we have been highly gratified. The other anecdotes are short and entertaining, with many graphic hits; but we must spin our yarn no farther than one remaining extract—Jack's description of a young lady whom he imagined fell in love with him on her passage to Madras.

"Bless your hearts, I lost,—or, what's all as one as lost, let slip thro' my fingers, on an out'ard-bound vyage to Madras, as nice a little craft as ever hit the fancy o' man—and for why? Because *miss* was too modest to open her mind, and Phill too green, at the time, to diskiver her drift. She was a reg'lar-built lady—played on your forty-pianor, and wore nothing but silks and satins all the way out to Madras. She'd the wickedest eye, and yet there was never no wickedness in it; for 'twas as blue and as bright as the sea in a calm; but 'twas the most rogishest eye I ever seed with a winch. She used to look under her lee-lid, as was always on the droop, for all the world like the slope of a lower-deck port of a rainy day. There was never—no, never, a craft more beautifuller built. *She* wanted no *sheathing* on her bilge, or bends to make her stand up to her sticks. Her bearings were in the right place. She tumbled in, as in course she should, a little aloft. None o' your wall-sided wenches for Phill. I never knew one on 'em yet as could properly carry their canvass. Her run was as clean as a clipper's; and, as for her bow, the le-la Pomone's herself wasn't finer beneath, or fuller above. Whenever 'twas my weather-wheel, she was sure to be backing, and filling, and boxing 'bout the binnacle, like a cooper round a cask. There she'd be, one time a larning her compass—another seeing which way her head was—now axing the name o' that rope, then the name o' this; the difference 'twixt a reef and a true lover's knot; and then she'd send flyin' such a glance at a fellow as would either shake the ship up in the wind, or make her yaw from her course four or five points. Many and many's the blowin' up she's a-got me. But I take it Miss Morton (for *she* didn't go by a purser's name) took 'em all more at heart nor ever did Phill. 'I so loves the sea,' says she, a day or two after we crosses the Line: 'sailors,' says she, 'are such kind-hearted men. They've such sinnavatins ways with 'em. They takes such care o' their hair; and they seem,' says she, 'so fond o' children—even among the very pigs and poultry they've always a pet. Oh! Mister Farley,' says she, (for you see, and what's more, I never could come at the cause, she always would clap a handle to my name), 'you doesn't know, Mr. Farley,' says she, 'how much I doats upon sailors. What would I give,' says she, letting fly another flash of her eye—'what would I give,' continued Farley, endeavouring to imitate the feminine tone of his quondam love, 'could I only follow their fortunes.' I thinks I now hears her voice—sees her afore me with her half-lowered lid fixed on her tapered foot (for she'd a foot like a Chinese child), as it peeped from under her petticoat, shoving the sand, that lay spread upon the deck, into the pitchy seams, as biled out in spite o' the awning. Well, you know, when she says, 'What would I give could I only follow their fortunes,'—so much she gets

hold o' my mind, that I'm blessed if the ship didn't broach instantly to, and slap goes, short in the irons, the fore-topmast, and to'gallant studdensail booms.' "

Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most eminent Dutch and Flemish Painters. By John Smith. Part the Second, containing the Life and Works of Peter Paul Rubens. London, 1830. Smith and Son.

"WITH the difficulties, trouble, and expense," Mr. Smith observes, "attending the compilation and publication of a work of this nature, the public generally are unacquainted; these can only be fully known to the author, or to those who have been engaged in a similar pursuit." We are happy to add, that, from the cursory view which we have been enabled to take of his volume, he has surmounted the obstacles opposed to the successful execution of his task, in a manner highly creditable to the extent both of his knowledge and of his application. The Catalogue comprehends an account of nearly fourteen hundred pictures and drawings by Rubens; the distinctive qualities of most of which are described with a copiousness and an accuracy which must render Mr. Smith's work exceedingly valuable to the connoisseur and collector. It is preceded by a memoir of the great Flemish artist; at the close of which is the following able summary of the most prominent characteristics of his genius and his productions:—

"The numerous observations which occur upon pictures in the course of the following work, renders it necessary to be brief in reviewing the pictorial powers of this mighty genius—this universal painter, from whose prolific pencil proceeded, with a spontaneous facility, an inexhaustible variety and abundance in every class of the art—history, poetry, and familiar life; portraiture, animals, landscape, fruit, and flowers—each possessing such excellence, as though he had made that particular branch the exclusive object of his study. But though he could thus successfully adapt himself to every department of his art, his powers and genius appear to expand in proportion to the difficulty of the subject. When the vastness of the composition and the action required energy in the figures—when the passions, violently excited, were to produce terror or to excite horror in the spectator—in such scenes he had full scope, and could range at large, displaying profusely the riches of his invention and the inexhaustible stores of his poetic imagery. These mighty powers are exemplified in those prodigious works representing 'the Fall of the Damned,' 'the Day of Judgment,' 'the Resurrection of the Just,' and 'the Conversion of Saul.' The fervour of his genius is displayed with the same success in 'the Overthrow of Sennacherib and his Host,' 'the Murder of the Innocents,' and the agonising sufferings of 'the Impenitent Thief on the Cross.' A similar spirit pervades all those subjects in which the representation depends on the imagination; such are 'the Battle of the Amazons,' 'the Rape of the Sabines,' 'the Death of Hyppolitus,' 'the Brazen Serpent,' and 'the Hunts of Wild Animals.' His poetical taste is admirably depicted in Bacchanalian scenes, the Loves of the Centaurs, and other mythological subjects. 'The Horrors of War,' 'the History and Apotheosis of James I.,' 'the Triumphs of the Church,' and the Luxembourg series, evince his transcendent powers in allegory. It must, however, be admitted, that an equal degree of excellence is not discernible in those com-

positions where the predominant expression should arise from an emanation of the soul, or the supposed operation of invisible agency,—such inspiration as should illumine the countenance of holy persons, or radiate that of the suffering martyr, who glories in being thought worthy to die for his faith. In all these his expression is purely human, occasionally elevated, but seldom dignified, and never divine. As his mind imbibed a strong impression of objects, so his pencil faithfully transferred them to the canvass, where their material forms, texture, and expression, are always depicted with a strength and energy that must ever delight the connoisseur. But that which has won all eyes to admiration is his resplendent colour, the superlative beauty of which has become proverbial; even Titian is compelled to divide with him the palm of superiority. From that master he acquired his knowledge of the harmony of colours, although he retained the Flemish manner of using them; from his predilection to the taste he acquired in the school of Otto Venius, we may trace why his pictures are deficient in the chaste and solemn breadth of colour which distinguished those of his prototype, whose tints blend insensibly into each other; while those of Rubens, although brought together with equal propriety, being left pure, or only tenderly united with the pencil, require to be viewed at a suitable distance to conceal the manœuvre of the palette: when so viewed, they present a rich and perfect union, and such brilliancy and force as bear down all competition. His compositions, although frequently overcharged with objects, arising from the fertility of his invention, are always skillfully grouped, and united by intermediate links, presenting to the eye a curved line or the volution of a wreath; the whole being judiciously governed by due proportions of light and shade, and exhibiting the effect of a rich cluster of flowers. To a profound knowledge of all the principles of the art, he added that of being the most accomplished adept in its machinery of any one that ever painted; and his rapidity of execution was only equalled by his extraordinary powers of invention. It is recorded of him, that he performed as much in three days as another could complete in so many weeks: this astonishing rapidity was the cause of the frequent incorrectness in his drawing, observable in many of his productions; the fervour of his genius not allowing leisure for reflection. These defects, however, did not arise from a deficiency of knowledge, as may be instanced in numerous pictures, where the human frame is portrayed with most admirable correctness, the articulations being given with a precision that shews an accurate knowledge of anatomy; neither are his female figures devoid of grace, although they often present what may be more properly styled the comely than the beautiful. These defects unquestionably proceed from early impressions, uncorrected by a due study of the antique until those impressions were so fixed in his mind that no after-study could remove them. It is sufficient, however, to be able to say, that Rubens possessed a more universal genius, a more extensive knowledge of all the principles of the art, and a greater power in the practice of them, than any other painter who has hitherto existed."

The following observations will assist in resolving the problem which must present itself to the mind of every one who has had an opportunity of remarking the apparently marvellous fertility and facility of Rubens' pencil:

"The perusal of the *Catalogue Raisonné* of

the works of Rubens will doubtless frequently excite in the mind of the reader surprise, if not incredulity; for he will naturally be inclined to doubt the possibility of one man having been able to produce such an immense number of pictures, many of which are of large dimensions, and offering such variety of subjects, and diversity in the compositions. These doubts the writer of the catalogue has often heard expressed, and to meet the question has been one of his endeavours: with this view he has inserted throughout the work all the authentic information he has been able to collect. Notwithstanding this, he thinks that he shall place the matter more intelligibly before his readers, by giving a brief account of the manner and the ingenious methods adopted by Rubens to vanquish this apparent impossibility. Presuming that the reader has gone through the account of the life of Rubens, in which the energies of his mind and physical powers are largely noticed, he will have perceived that he was able to perform, in the space of a few days, as much work as would cost other artists so many weeks; that numerous sketches, designs for the models of large pictures, were frequently the result of a few hours' amusement, or, at most, the efforts of two or three days' application. Let the reader, then, imagine such a genius, such a phenomenon in art, to have under his control six or eight clever pupils, well versed in the facile system of painting peculiar to the school; and that each of these was furnished with a model, or sketch, to work from on an enlarged scale, by the unerring medium of lines; and that, having correctly drawn in the subject, forwarding their several pictures under the continual inspection, and with the occasional assistance of their instructor; that, lastly, he passed over them his broad, rapid pencil, infusing life and spirit in every figure, and harmonised the piece;—he will perceive how, by the labour of a day or two, Rubens rendered the work his own, and worthy of his distinguished name. But, in addition to his regular pupils, it should also be remembered, that he had the aid of Francis Snyders and Paul de Vos, to introduce animals, fruit, and objects of still life, into such subjects as required them; and Wildens, Van Uden, and Mompers, to paint the landscape department: by such means the work of eight or ten persons was accomplished daily. Nothing short of such auxiliaries could have produced in less than two years the sketches and finished pictures representing, in a series of twenty-one allegories, the life of Marie de Medicis, besides portraits and other smaller works, done exclusively by his own hand. The same means were, doubtless, used to execute the immense pictures for the convent at Locches, in Spain (as these were also painted at Antwerp), the ceiling of the Jesuits' Church, the Life of Decius, and the numerous pictures which formerly adorned the altars of the churches in the Low Countries. It must further be observed, that these skilful assistants, in the absence of large works, were unquestionably employed in copying pictures, frequently introducing in such copies certain variations from the originals, either in subject or size, so as to give them the appearance of new compositions; this may account, in some measure, for the great number of pictures of Holy Families, and other favourite subjects."

The third Part of this interesting publication is promised this month; and will contain the life and description of the works of Van Dyck.

The Fortunes of Francesco Novello da Carrara, Lord of Padua: from the Chronicles of Gattaro; with Notes. By David Syme, Esq. 12mo. pp. 257. Edinburgh, 1836, Constable and Co.: London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

WE cannot better characterise the work before us than in the words of its preface:—"Francesco Novello da Carrara, the story of whose eventful fortunes we are to tell, was the last and best of the House of Carrara, with whose history that of Padua is identified during the whole of the fourteenth century."

The old chronicles of the Italian states are replete with extraordinary incidents, and the most atrocious crimes are related in the coolest way imaginable, as things of course, and everyday occurrence. All the passions of which human nature is susceptible are there seen in visible operation; and it is pleasant to have our interest awakened, and our reflections excited, by the action of the figures that move along the scene, 'and strike and struggle as they pass,' rather than by the solemn interlocation of the exhibitor."

They were, sooth to say, stirring times: now a battle, and now a banquet; to-day the hand grasped a sceptre, to-morrow a lance: constantly in action, generally in danger, men's passions were always being wound up to the highest pitch of excitement by the great key-notes of ambition and revenge; till hair-breadth escapes, violent death, and desperate success, were familiar events. For example, how slight a chance saved the Carraras!

"Mastino finding no attention paid to his letters, became enraged, and wrote Alberto under his own hand, that he would no longer call him brother, if he did not, on the receipt of that letter, imprison and decapitate the two Carraras, repeating that they were in a secret league with Florence and Venice, and watching for an opportunity to deprive him of Padua. This letter he intrusted to one of his officers, and it was delivered on the 28th July, 1337. Alberto perused it with grief, but the strictness of the order constrained him to obedience: so, summoning certain of his people, he commanded them, the moment they saw Marsilio and Ubertino within the palace gate, to assail and cut them both in pieces. Having planted these men at the foot of the stair leading to the delle Donne Palace, he next despatched a messenger to their house near S. Nicolò, to say he wished to see them instantly. The messenger found them in the garden in their slippers, wearing white doublets and caps, as if about to go to bed. When he delivered the message, they replied, 'What can Alberto want? we left him not long since,' and remained in close consultation. They at last resolved to go, and having ordered out a horse, mounted, dressed as they were, Marsilio on the saddle, Ubertino on the croup, and soon reached the street leading to the Molino bridge. Marsilio happening to look up, saw Alberto at the palace balcony (he had placed himself there to see them put to death), and called out pleasantly, 'Che Diavolo! what do you want now? we were just going to bed.' Alberto was much affected by their appearance, and called out, 'Do not advance a step farther. Go to bed: it was a mistake. I did not send for you.' Next morning he shewed them the letter, and Marsilio said, 'They who carry these tales to Mastino never gave him so much as an egg, whereas I have given him Padua; but I am here, and you and he may do with me as you please.' Alberto embraced him, saying, Mas-

tino was foolish to seek to diminish the number of his relations and friends; and immediately spoke of something else. But Mastino finding that his orders had not been executed, and fearing that the letter had fallen into other hands, wrote again, to order their instant execution, if they were not already dead, and gave that letter to a confidential servant, with strict charge to deliver it to no one but Alberto. He arrived in Padua on the 12th of August, and found Alberto playing at chess with a gentleman of Marsilio's party; Marsilio and Ubertino looking on. Having made a suitable obeisance, he advanced, when Alberto said, 'What does my brother want? how is he?' to which the person replied, 'He is well, and sends you this letter.' Alberto, turning to Marsilio, said, 'Take the letter, and read it;' upon which he took the messenger apart, and demanded the letter; but he refused, saying, he was charged to give it into the hands of the Signor Alberto, and none other. The game being finished, Alberto asked what the letter contained; upon which the messenger again approached, and explaining the order he had received, placed it in his hands. Alberto, however, gave it to Marsilio, and began another game. While his attention was thus engaged, Marsilio drew Ubertino aside, and shewed him the letter, when, aware that no time was to be lost, they immediately sent a messenger to the camp, to invite Piero Rosso, captain of the troops of the league, to march towards the city, and enter by the Ponte Corbo gate, which would be open. When the game was finished, Alberto asked what news, and Marsilio replied, 'Mastino wishes you, if any foreign falcons come this way, to procure him one.' Next day (13th August, 1337) they went, as was their daily wont, to the palace, and having reached the fruit-market, met Alberto, and were in conversation with him, when an officer of the court came up, exclaiming, 'My lord, save yourself! Piero de' Rossi, with the troops of Venice, is at the S. Stefano gate. The cry is, 'Live the house of Carrara!' Alberto, in great alarm, turned to Marsilio, and asked what he should do, and was advised to retire to the house of Ameda, at Santa Lucia. Marsilio and Ubertino then hastened to the Place della Biava, and there found the banners of Piero, whom they joyfully saluted and embraced. They next proceeded to the palace, and Alberto being brought thither under a strong guard, renounced the signory, and Marsilio was proclaimed."

After much of danger and difficulty, Francesco becomes master of Padua; but, in the midst of his triumph, he hears of the death of his father. The pageantry of the funeral is a fair picture of the splendour in which age delighted, and we regret that we cannot find space for it; but must make our escape to another narrow escape: Francesco, son of the signor, has been taken prisoner.

"On the 2d of July, Facino Cane left Bologna with Francesco Terzo and some others of the prisoners, and proceeding by Modena, got to Parma on the 5th, where he took a lodging for himself and them for the night, intending to continue his journey next day by Piacenza to Pavia. There happened to be of the party one Francesco, a barber of Padua, a servant of Francesco Terzo. This person went abroad in the course of the afternoon, and was gazing about him in the public place, as is the custom of strangers newly arrived in a great city, when he was accosted by an inhabitant, who recognised him as a Paduan, and expressed great pleasure in meeting a native of that place.

They entered into conversation, and as they walked along he thus addressed the barber:—"Why does not your master think of making his escape?—*Corpo di Cristo!* if he gets into the clutches of the duke he will never more see Padua. Let him trust to me, and I engage not only to get him out of this, but to conduct him safely within the Ferrarese territory. This offer I make for the love I bear his father, himself, and the whole house of Carrara, for you must know I was once chief farrier to the court at Padua, and these were the happiest days of my life.' The barber was delighted at the prospect of escape, and asked how it was to be effected? His friend replied, 'I will shew you that,' and leading him to the wall, pointed to a place where it was so low that they might easily descend, and would then have but to swim the moat to gain an adjoining thicket, from which, as he knew the roads, he could conduct them into the marquisate. The barber shook his head, and said it was a perilous adventure; to which the other replied, that he ran all the risk,—if they were discovered he would be hanged, while they would not be worse than before. The barber returned to the inn with all speed, and told Francesco Terzo what had passed. The plan pleased him much, and he found an opportunity of speaking to the stranger in the evening, when they arranged their measures. The great difficulty was to get out of the house, for the Signor slept with Rigo Galletto, and there were many chances against his being able to leave the room unobserved. However, waiting till Galletto was fast asleep, and stealing softly from his side, he dressed himself in the clothes of one of the servants, and took a platter in his hand. The barber went before him singing. When they were fairly out, they walked very fast to the wall, and found their friend waiting. It was about the fifth hour of night. They succeeded all three in scaling the wall and descending on the other side. The ex-farrier swam the ditch first, the others followed, and they went at their swiftest pace to the thicket hard by. During the day they lay concealed, at night they resumed their journey, and fortunately none of the parties sent in pursuit came upon them, although often within a few feet of their lurking-place. On reaching the territory of the Marquess of Este, he notified his escape to his sister Giliola, and requested her to send horses and clothes, as he wished to go directly to Padua. She came to him with the most affectionate haste, and having supplied his wants, directed some of her train to accompany him to Padua, where he arrived on the 17th of July, to the joy and surprise of the whole city. The Signor's father presented his deliverer with 1000 ducats, and possessions which yielded a yearly return of 300 ducats, besides a fair house, horses, and other gifts."

Among other miseries of the time was that fearful one the plague.

"Crowds had flocked for safety within the walls, bringing with them their cattle, and whatever they could remove, so that not only the houses, but even the churches, monasteries, and store-magazines were filled, while multitudes, who could find no other shelter, slept on straw, under porticoes and arcades. As the fodder fell short, the cattle began to die, and the air was poisoned by the filth of the streets, and the exhalations of corrupting carcasses. Provisions also began to grow scarce, and, taking advantage of the time, every one held his goods at a high price. The market rates were,—forty pounds of grain two gold ducats; a loaf four soldi; eggs three soldi;

a pair of fowls one ducat; a turkey two ducats; sugar forty soldi the ounce; wax forty soldi the pound;—in short, all the necessities of life were very dear; and the bad air, and want of wholesome food, gave rise to a deadly pestilence. The invariable symptom of the disease was a small nut-like swelling, which appeared sometimes on the throat, sometimes on the limbs, sometimes on the arms, with acute fever, and in many cases with flux, so that in two days, or in three at most, the patient died. The deaths varied from 300 to 500 in a day, and from the end of June to the middle of August there died in Padua more than 40,000 individuals, as was known by the register of deaths kept in the episcopal palace. The bodies were buried thus:—every morning cars went round to receive the dead, and in every car were placed from sixteen to twenty corpses. A crucifix and lantern were fixed on the pole in front, and each car was attended by a priest. Deep trenches were opened in the burying-grounds of the city churches, and into these the corpses were thrown, and covered with earth. This was continued till the trench was filled, and each held from two to three hundred. A father might be seen bearing his son to burial, a son his father, a brother his brother, a wife her husband,—the men moving along in gloomy silence, the women weeping and wailing aloud, so that heaven must have been filled with compassion. Immediately after these dreadful obsequies, the citizens were obliged, their eyes filled with tears, their hearts with agony, to take arms against the bloody and relentless foe. Even in the Venetian camp the mortality was great, although, having more free space, they could better guard against infection. What more can be said? Since the destruction of Jerusalem, and the fall of Troy, never was earthly city so overwhelmed as the unfortunate Padua,—till then so rich and flourishing, and containing within the circuit of its walls as many wise and learned men as might have sufficed for the government of the universe."

We most cordially recommend this volume to our readers; it is a most vivid historical picture, with all the interest of a romance. We give Mr. Syme great credit for the research and industry with which he has collected his materials, and still more for the animation and picturesque language in which he has narrated his hero's adventures.

1. *The Waverley Novels*. Vols. XII. and XIII. Cadell, Edinburgh.
2. *Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*. Vol. VII. *Cities and Towns*, Vol. I. Longman and Co.
3. *The Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. Vol. V. *New Zealanders*; and Vol. VI. Part I. *Insect Architecture*. London, C. Knight.
4. *The Aldine Poets*. Vol. I. *Poems of Burns*. London, Pickering.

The rapid revolution of these stars, of what we may call our regular periodical literature, imposes upon us the duty of brevity in some of our notes on their return: otherwise our pages could contain little else but descriptions and illustrations of this single branch of publication.

The two volumes of the *Waverley* set conclude the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, and give a portion of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, one of the most beautiful and perfect of all the great author's delightful works. There is nothing very particular in the additional notes, except an interesting account of the unfortunate Madge Wildfire, which we shall probably insert in a future No. From the introduc-

tion, we learn that the fatal story of the *Bride of Lammermoor* had its origin in the family of Dalrymple; of which also a notice hereafter.

The new No. of the *Cyclopædia* is devoted to Geography, and contains brief but excellent accounts of the principal cities and towns in Europe. We have hardly had time to glance it over; but we observe that it is literally crammed with well-executed embellishments.

The *Entertaining Knowledge* is truly entertaining: the volume on the *New Zealanders*, replete with curious and original matter; the part on *Insect Architecture* worthy (and this is high praise) of its entomological predecessors, with Mr. Rennie's valuable notes.

The *Aldine Poets* is a new and handsome addition to this class of publication. The neatness of Mr. Pickering's works needs no comment, and he has bestowed his best pains on this specimen, which consequently promises a charming series of popular poetry. The name is taken from the Alduses, famous printers who flourished at Venice in the 15th and 16th centuries; to whom we are indebted for the first editions of the several Greek Classics, and numerous editions of Latin and Italian poets. Our own spirited countryman bids fair to rival them, and earn his title honourably to himself and the art in England.

Constable's Miscellany. Vol. LII. *A History of Music*, by William C. Stafford. Constable and Co. Edinburgh; Hurst, Chance, and Co., London.

A HISTORY of names and dates is more useful than calculated for the pages of a periodical; and we shall content ourselves with commending Mr. Stafford's industry, and saying that the present little volume embodies much information touching the origin, composition, and performers, from the earliest period to the present day. As a work of reference, the compilation might have stood on higher grounds; but it is well enough for common popularity.

Nos. LIII. and LIV. a life of the Scottish hero, Sir W. Wallace, is not so much entitled to our applause as we could have desired, in a literary point of view. This ought to have been a very crack book of any Northern series.

The Oxoniens. By the Author of the "Roué." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

We remember a story of an Italian priest who, while confessing an ostler, questioned him closely whether he ever greased his horses' teeth to prevent their eating their due allotment of oats: the man assured him he never had; and absolution was granted. But when the period of confession again came round, this fault was the very first to which the ostler pleaded guilty. "I thought," exclaimed the surprised priest, "you told me, that of this fraud at least you had never been guilty?" "I never had," replied the man, "till you put it in my head." Much upon this ground do we object to the volumes now before us; we object to them as introducing scenes, persons, &c. whose very existence it is matter of prudence and even virtue to keep out of sight: matter of prudence certainly, for it is to be more than doubted whether the description of luxurious enjoyment will not be more likely to attract than the late after-consequence to deter; and the commonplace bits of morality—those gratuities of cant to propriety—which are every now and then thrown in, seem something like peace-offerings, which enable the author to say—"How can you call a book in which there are such excellent sentiments immoral?" The

writer has mistaken his forte; it is not that of deep insight either into man or woman's character. It is a common but most mistaken idea, that knowledge of vice is knowledge of human nature, and that to depict crime is to be profound. It would be ridiculous to bid the novelist avoid the darker picture of vice—the bad as well as the good are his property; but we see no great moral advantage in having the words libertine, passion, seduction, always before us, while a warning is held out in the shape of sudden death or violent repentance, which, in nine cases out of ten, never happens in real life. In a literary point of view these volumes do not call for severe criticism; they are made up of the remains of the *Roué*, who again figures on the scene: story there is none, and the *dénouement* is not such as we can approve.

Nineteen Sermons on Prayer. By Bishop Andrewes. 8vo. pp. 322. London, 1830. Whittaker and Co.

A REPRINT of an old divine is extremely refreshing in these days; and here we have learning without pedantry, piety without cant. The volume is well worthy of this revival.

A Vindication of Christian Faith. By Dr. Inglis. 8vo. pp. 354. Edinburgh, 1830. Blackwood.

THIS is so sterling a modern religious work, that we may well class it with an ancient worth. The historical portion, relative to the Jews, will be read with peculiar interest at present.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

ON Saturday last the anniversary meeting of this Society took place; Lord Stanley in the chair. As is the customary practice, Mr. Bichenor communicated to the meeting the accession of fellows which had taken place during the past season; likewise the deaths which had occurred during the same period; amongst these we observed the names of Dr. Hamilton, Major General David Stewart, the venerable Chevalier de Lamarck, professor of zoology in the Jardin du Roi, Professor Brotero of Coimbra; Dr. Tozzetti of Florence; Dr. Schaub of Cassel, and several others. Twenty-one fellows had been elected during the year. Mr. Forster stated that the amount of subscription for the library, herbaria, &c. of Sir J. E. Smith, once belonging to Linneus himself, and now purchased by the Society, amounted to upwards of 1400*l.*; that the Society's other receipts for the year amounted to 1,600*l.*, which exceeded the outlay by 200*l.* Several gentlemen set the example of an annual subscription in aid of the balance due to the executors of Sir J. E. Smith. Earl Brownlow, Professor Buckland, George Bentham, Charles Stokes, and William Yarrell, Esqrs., were elected into the council. The other officers stand as heretofore.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JUNE.

21^d 11^h 50^m—the Sun attains his greatest northern declination: the whole of the arctic regions enjoy the solar beams, and the antarctic are plunged in the deepest gloom of their long and dreary winter. At the end of the month, the earth arrives at its remotest distance from the Sun.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

| | D. | H. | M. |
|--------------------------------|----|----|----|
| ○ Full Moon in Scorpio | 6 | 2 | 19 |
| ☾ Last Quarter in Pisces | 13 | 10 | 49 |
| ☾ New Moon in Gemini | 20 | 3 | 3 |
| ☾ First Quarter in Virgo | 27 | 15 | 10 |

The Moon will be in conjunction with

| | |
|--|----------|
| Jupiter in Sagittarius | D. H. M. |
| Mars in Aquarius | 8 12 20 |
| Venus in Aries | 12 11 30 |
| Mercury in Taurus | 16 22 45 |
| Saturn in Cancer | 19 15 30 |
| 15 ^d 6 ^h 30 ^m | 23 11 30 |

—inferior conjunction.

Venus is a morning star, and assuming a gibbous form: the following are her proportional phases:—

| | |
|------------------------|-----------|
| Illuminated disc | = 6-87907 |
| Dark hemisphere | = 5-12093 |

Mars is a morning star, and approaching the Earth.

The Asteroids.—6^a—Vesta among the small stars in the tail of Cetus; it transits the meridian at 19^h 36^m. Juno between γ and ζ Aquarii; it transits the meridian 17^h 56^m. Pallas, two degrees south of Mirac, or δ Boötis, a double star, the largest of which is red, and the smallest blue: this small planet transits the meridian at 9^h 42^m. Ceres is 20' north of 104 Virginis, and near a small nebula: it transits the meridian at 9^h 21^m.

Jupiter is advancing to a favourable position for observation: the following are the visible eclipses of its satellites:—

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------------|
| First Satellite, Immersion .. | D. H. M. |
| 22 11 6 15 | 4 |
| 29 13 0 47 | |
| Second Satellite | 5 12 22 46 |
| Third Satellite | 19 13 35 56 |
| Fourth Satellite | 17 11 46 24 |
| Emergence | 17 14 15 58 |

A singular phenomenon presents itself in Sagittarius, the constellation through which Jupiter is moving. In the bow is a nebula, and in the midst of this is a beautiful double star, from which the nebulous matter in its immediate vicinity is separated, as if driven off, leaving the double star on a dark ground. The nebula itself is divided into three portions, in a direction from the centre to the circumference, suggesting the idea of three roads leading to and terminating at the double star. A similar phenomenon is observed in the nebula of the sword-handle of Orion, the stars in which are insulated, and appear to repel the soft luminous matter that surrounds them.

10^d—Saturn in conjunction with 776 Mayer—difference of latitude 11'. This planet is advancing towards the Sun, and will soon be lost in his rays.

Uranus is visible in Capricornus, and transits the meridian at the following times respectively:—

| | | |
|-----------|----------|----------|
| D. H. M. | D. H. M. | D. H. M. |
| 1 16 14 | 11 15 32 | 21 14 50 |
| Deptford. | | J. T. B. |

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE President informed the meeting that he had written to Mr. Babbage, requesting him to attend on this evening, in pursuance of the resolution adopted on Thursday se'night. Mr. Babbage, in answer to the President, states his unwillingness to become a party to such discussions as took place on the occasion alluded to: adding his opinion, that the meetings of the Society ought to be, as they were intended, devoted to philosophical inquiry, and not to angry debate. In this view the President concurred; and having recited one of the by-laws in support of it, he said that he trusted the matter would be allowed to rest. Dr. Roget then read a paper, by Mr. Costello, on the instruments used in operations of lithotomy, illustrated by cases.

The following is an abstract of the paper, by

Dr. Carter, "on the preserved bodies of aboriginal Peruvian Indians," promised in a recent No. of the *Literary Gazette*.

In this paper a description is given of the bodies of a female and of an infant, which were lately found in a state approaching to that of mummies, at the foot of a hill forming a promontory near Arica, on the western coast of Peru, and which were sent to England in 1827, by Dr. Hamett, and are now deposited in the Museum of Natural History at Haslar. A tradition exists that the desolate spot where they were dug up was an ancient burying-ground of the aboriginal inhabitants, although it is certain that no interments have taken place in it since the first invasion of Peru by the Spaniards. The cloth which formed the outer envelope of the mummy is of a dark brown colour, and wove from the wool of the *camelus vicugna*. The inner covering is of a finer texture, and consists of white cotton, either wove or spun, with blue stripes. The body has been compactly put together, and doubled up in a square form, with the breast upon the knees; the arms folded over the abdomen, and the face depressed, so as to occupy as small a space as possible. It was strongly confined, by several turns, with the *bejuero*, or tough and luxuriant creeping osiers, naturally twisted together, and knotted at regular rhomboidal intervals. Within the case were contained a considerable quantity of leaves of unknown plants remarkable in having lateral nerves, matté, heads of Indian corn, pods of capsicum, and two small globular vases. The skin of the body had the appearance of dried leather; the hair was well preserved, and was collected into long black platted tresses, doubled over the chest. Many of the muscles remain perfectly exsiccated, but distinctly marked. There was also found in the same place a detached head, apparently that of a female Indian; and from the peculiar care bestowed on its preservation, probably the wife of a cacique. The hair is still glossy, and in good preservation, very black, lank, and coarse, and firmly platted. The brain appears to have been extracted through the occipital foramen, and its place supplied by some bituminous substance, filling the cavity of the cranium. The fillets surrounding the head are terminated by knotted fringes, of differently coloured worsted, constituting the *quissa* of the Peruvians;—a species of symbolical writing not used for oral tradition, and, in this instance, serving as a record of the history of the deceased. This head appears to be much flattened posteriorly, and the frontal bone is also depressed; both of which are well known to be characteristic of the skulls of the aborigines of South America; and which were probably the result of artificial compression applied to the head during infancy. The author then enters into a disquisition respecting the funeral customs of the Indians, their modes of embalming, and of manufacturing cloths for interment. He concludes by a variety of statements illustrating the desiccating influence of the atmosphere and soil in those regions, whereby the bodies of men and animals are preserved in a dry state, somewhat analogous to that of the Egyptian mummies, for a very considerable number of years.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

ON Thursday, Henry Hallam, Esq. in the chair.—The reading of Rich's account of Ireland was concluded. An interesting communication from W. Hoskins, Esq. was also read, on the origin of Columnar Architecture. The

writer states, that in the infancy of the world, and even at the present day in savage countries, stone is only used in buildings erected for religious purposes; that when men began to settle in towns, their domestic structures were formed of timber, and that so late as David's time, we read of houses constructed of wood, for he built a palace of cedar; that in the early history of the Israelites they are described as setting up stones for altars or religious memorials only,—from which Mr. Hoskins considers were derived the Druidical cromlechs, as well as columnar architecture in general; and that the idea of pillars was not, as is supposed by many, taken from the trunks of trees supporting a roof, as there was no possible connexion between the domestic and religious architecture of the early ancients.

GERMAN LECTURES.

In his second lecture on German poetry Dr. Mühlhens commented on the poets of the sixteenth century. This proved a more interesting discourse than the first: he here introduced us to the worthy representative of the guild of *Meistersängers*, honest Hans Sachs, whose prolific muse presented his country with six thousand and forty-eight metrical compositions. In poetical talent the professor ranks him next to Luther, whose doctrines he fervently embraced. We cannot quite admit Tieck's comparison, quoted by the lecturer, between Hans Sachs and our own venerable Chaucer, and much less that of Göthe with Shakespeare. It may perhaps be called an English prejudice, but we object to the profanation of the shrine of the god of our idolatry by the admission within its precincts of the idol of any clime or time. We have not space to dilate on the various writers introduced—the grotesco-comic John Fischart, the flagellating Rollenhagen, Murner, Brandt, and Alkmar, and Burkhard Waldis, the *Æsop* of the age; but we now come to the first dawn of the German stage, which there, as well as throughout Europe, breaks forth in the monkish mysteries of the middle ages. These were followed by the *Fastnachtspiele* of the *Meistersängers*, which were performed in the houses of individuals, or in the open air; and the professor justly remarked, that if the number of auditors were at all proportionate to the actors, the assemblage must have been immense, for in the performance of a biblical piece at a small town in Bohemia, there were 100 actors and 500 supernumeraries. It is a remarkable fact, that the first trace on record of acting being pursued as a vocation is the mention of a troop of players called the "English company;" but why so called is not known, for it is not at all probable that they were English: these strollers laid Germany under contribution about the year 1600. Jacob Ayer, an attorney of Nuremberg, and consequently the fellow-townsmen of Hans Sachs, was one of the first cultivators of the legitimate drama, if his rude efforts may be dignified by this appellation. Many of the early attempts of the German dramatic Muse are evident copies from the English, without, however, retaining any of their beauties. The doctor closed this lecture with the two writers who form the link of connexion with the sixteenth century, Frederick Spee and Rudolph Weckerlin, who gave the lecturer subject for interesting discussion in the strong contrast of their "*Leben und Weben*." Weckerlin visited England during the reign of James I., and made himself familiar with the language, which is evinced by a bibliographical curiosity introduced to us by the professor, and which is still extant in the

British Museum, where he met with it by accident: it is entitled the *Triumphal Show*, and was written and printed at Stuttgart in 1616, and contains a description of the festivities at that court on the occasion of the visit of Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England, and consort of the unfortunate Elector of the Palatinate. The doctor read extracts from it, which were risible enough, and closed (although our readers may smile) with the preface, wherein Weckerlin apologises for his want of skill, and compliments the English nation.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
[Fourth notice.]

No. 342. *Attachment*. E. Landseer, A.—We shall not easily forget a similar subject—a dog refusing to quit the grave of his master—painted by this able artist, and exhibited at the British Gallery some two years ago. The present equally interesting work is founded on a melancholy fact:—"In the spring of 1803 a young gentleman of talent and most amiable disposition perished by falling from a precipice of the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by his faithful terrier."

No. 226. *Jessica*. J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Surely these vagaries of Mr. Turner's must be the result of studying a kaleidoscope. One of our critical contemporaries so happily characterises this production, that we feel the temptation to piracy to be irresistible:—"It looks," he observes, "like a lady getting out of a large mustard-pot."*

No. 233. *A Contadina Family, returning from a Festa, Prisoners with Banditti*. C. L. Eastlake, R.A. *Elect.*—There is much varied and powerful expression in this exceedingly clever and well-painted picture; but "will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?" We strongly recommend Mr. Eastlake to close his series of banditti subjects.

No. 234. *A Shooting Party regaling—a Scene in the Moors; Portraits*. W. Simson.—It appears by the Catalogue that Mr. Simson is a resident in Edinburgh. We do not recollect having seen any of his works before; but the picture under our notice exhibits powers of no ordinary kind. The character of the composition, the depth of the tones, and the firmness of the pencilling, shew the hand of a master.

No. 225. *A Landscape—Morning*. F. Finch.—Slight; but, to the artist's eye, beautiful and effective.

No. 238. *A Scene in the Farce of Love, Law, and Physic; with Portraits of Messrs. Blanchard, Liston, and Mathews*. G. Clint, A.—A superb resemblance of Liston. The whole is admirably executed.

No. 244. *Les Savoyards*. Dabufe.—From what we had seen of M. Dabufe's works, we had imagined that clothed figures made no part of his practice; and we were therefore agreeably surprised by the characteristic picture under our notice. It does him great credit, which is more than we are able to say of his *Psyche*. No. 339.

No. 269. *The Pride of the Village*. W. E. West.—In this simple and quiet group there is far more pathos than in many subjects of more active and appalling incident. For the suffering saint or expiring warrior human sympathy cannot always be roused; but extinguished must be all his social feelings who can

contemplate without the deepest interest the lovely and fragile being here represented as "uttering no complaint, nor imparting to any one the malady that is preying on her heart."

No. 279. *Deoch-an-douris*. A. Fraser.—"Rome," says Sterne, "never imposed a penance half so severe as that of taking leave." It has probably been, with reference to such a feeling, that "the stirrup-cup" was introduced in order to assuage the sorrows of separation. Be that as it may, Mr. Fraser has entered into his subject *con amore*; and has produced a work equally pleasing to the lover of art and the lover of hospitality.

No. 280. *Recollection of a Morning's Ramble last Autumn*. J. J. Chalon, A.—Much of the interest belonging to this simple and extensive landscape has proceeded from the mind of the artist, who has communicated to it a most natural and Rembrandt-like effect.—No. 305. *La Place de la Fusterie (Fruiterie), Geneva, on a Market-day*, also by Mr. Chalon, shews the versatility of his powers. The one is all tranquillity, the other all bustle.

No. 328. *The Boar of Ardenne*. E. de la Croix. From "Quentin Durward."—The moment chosen is when the ferocious William de la Marck, having ordered the bishop of Liege to be brought before him dressed in his pontificals, commands his assassination. It is a very clever work; but the great number of figures, and the want of a concentrated effect, rather confuse the spectator.

No. 332. *Twilight*. R. Westall, R.A.—We do not remember ever to have seen Gray's charming description of the soothing hour of twilight more happily transferred to canvass. It strikes us, however, that an extended form would have been more advantageous to the picture than its present upright shape.

No. 343. *A Peasant of the Island of Ceylon*. W. Daniell, R.A.—Life, motion, and grace, are the characteristics of this animated figure; which ought to have been placed as a pendant to No. 134, *The Indian Widow visiting the Tomb of her Husband*, by the same artist. They form a perfect contrast.

No. 329. "*Honest Izaak Walton*." J. Inskipp.—An interesting subject, pleasingly treated.

Of the portraits which the "School of Painting" contains, two of the most striking are, No. 312, *Portrait of the Earl of Hardwicke*, the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.; and No. 281, *Portrait of Henry Hoare, Esq.*, Mrs. W. Carpenter. A more admirable picture than the latter we have never met with. There are also very clever portraits by Phillips, Beechey, Pickersgill, Jackson, Briggs, Simpson, Rothwell, Clint, Rainagle, Green, Meyer, Joseph, &c. Mrs. J. Robertson has a *Portrait of a Young Lady*, the graceful *tournure* of which, and the able manner in which the satin is painted, remind us of Vandýke. As another example of female talent in portrait painting, we would instance Mrs. Pearson's *Portrait of Mrs. S. C. Hall*.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH GALLERY.

Works of the late Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.

NEXT to the sensation which would be excited by a sudden introduction to a living assembly of monarchs, statesmen, heroes, and beauties,—to a galaxy of all that is dignified in rank, splendid in talent, memorable in warlike achievement, and fascinating in female loveliness,—is that which is actually produced at the present moment on entering the Gallery of the British Institution, richly decorated as it is by nearly

a century of the most admirable productions of the highly-gifted and lamented Lawrence. It is bringing the powers of any artist to a most severe test when he is thus required, single-handed, to furnish a whole exhibition; and an exhibition, too, consisting almost exclusively of portraits; but it is a test which in this instance is most triumphantly borne. Whether contemplated merely with reference to their merit as works of art, or whether with that contemplation is associated the deeply interesting recollections which many of these noble performances are calculated to awaken, that visitor to the Gallery must indeed be cold and phlegmatic, who does not feel strongly impressed by the magnificent and delightful spectacle which presents itself to him.

It will here, among other things, be seen how important is the single but comprehensive quality of TASTE in the creations of the pencil. That high and rare quality it is allowed on all hands no artist ever possessed in a greater degree than Sir Thomas Lawrence. His mind was thoroughly imbued with it. It was inseparable from every effort. It accompanied the slightest and most careless touch of his crayon. Many of his groups of portraits, refined and elevated by the pervading influence of that invaluable quality, almost assume the character of poetical or historical compositions. It is extraordinary, indeed, to observe what a vast change portrait-painting in this country has undergone in that respect since the days of Jervas, Richardson, and Hudson. To Sir Joshua Reynolds is undoubtedly due the glory of having struck out a new path, and of having invested his own branch of the fine arts with a dignity and a charm, which, except in some few cases, it had never before possessed. How ably and successfully the example of the first President of the Royal Academy was followed up by the last, the walls of the British Gallery now abundantly shew.

The germ of epic art is very visible in such pictures as Sir Thomas's "Rolla," "Coriolanus," "Cato," and "Hamlet;" although the only work in which it is absolutely unfolded is his "Satan;"—a grand and appalling conception, which, however liable it may in some points be to critical remark, proves of what this great artist was capable, had the sympathy of the times, and the country in which he lived, encouraged him to devote himself to the more intellectual and ambitious walks of his profession.

Of the three apartments of which the British Gallery consists, the North Room, containing twenty-one portraits, the majority of them whole-lengths, painted by order of his Majesty for the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor, is peculiarly attractive; both because most of the pictures are new to the public, and because they are the striking resemblances of distinguished and celebrated persons; several of them "men of royal siege," and all of them sharers, more or less conspicuous and important, in the events of one of the most extraordinary periods of history. It is not our intention to enter into any detailed description of these pictures; but we cannot refrain from expressing our unbounded admiration of two of them in particular, which appear to us to be transcendent:—we mean "Francis the Second, Emperor of Austria," and "His late Holiness, Pope Pius VII." We know of no productions of a similar kind, by any artist, ancient or modern, with which they would for an instant suffer in the comparison. It is said that Sir Thomas considered the portrait of the Emperor of Aus-

* Morning Chronicle.

tria, in which he has conquered so many difficulties, arising from the singular costume, and from other circumstances, as the finest work of his life. While we gaze at it, we fully agree with him; but when we turn round, and behold his portrait of the venerable Pius, we at least hesitate to which the palm of excellence ought to be adjudged.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Portsmouth, from Spithead and Chatham. Engraved in line by J. C. Allen, from Drawings by C. Stanfield.

THESE interesting views are executed in a style which does great credit to the talents of the artist. Mr. Allen was a pupil of W. B. Cooke; and has brought forward his first speculation in the true spirit of enterprise, and in a way that at any other period must have insured success. As it is, these prints place him in the front rank of engravers of subjects of this class.

The Spirit of the Plays of Shakespeare. Drawn and engraved by Frank Howard. Nos. 17 and 18. Cadell.

THE plays illustrated in these Numbers are, "Romeo and Juliet," "Timon of Athens," "Henry the Fifth," and the first part of "Henry the Sixth." Mr. Howard pursues his pleasing task with unabated ardour and ability. Many of the groups are finely composed, and exceedingly beautiful. Amongst them we would particularise the First Meeting of Romeo and Juliet, their Parting, the Recovery of Juliet from her Lethargy, Henry the Fifth courting the Princess Katharine, Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne, &c.

James Bartleman. Hargreaves pinxt.; J. Thomson sculps. Published by the Misses Bartleman.

A FINELY-MARKED, characteristic, and highly-finished portrait.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FESTIVAL.

THE young and the lovely are gathered:
Who shall talk of our wearisome life,
And dwell upon weeds and on weeping—
The struggle, the sorrow, the strife?
The hours of our being are coloured,
And many are coloured with rose;
Though on some be a sign and a shadow,
I list not to speak now of those.
Through the crimson blind steals forth the splendour
Of lamps, like large pearls which some fay
Has swelled with her breath till their lustre,
If more soft, is as bright as of day.
Beneath the verandah are flowers—
Camellias like ivory wrought
With the grace of a young Grecian sculptor,
Who traced what some Oread brought;
And roses—the prodigal summer
Has lavished upon them its bloom,—
O never the East with its spices
Made altar so rich of perfume!
The bright crowd is mingling together—
How gay is the music they bring!
The delicate laugh and the whisper—
The steps that re-echo the string.
The harp to the flute is replying—
'Tis the song of a far-distant land;
But never, in vineyard or valley,
Assembled a lovelier band.
Come thou, with thy glad golden ringlets,
Like rain which is lit by the sun—
With eyes, the bright spirit's bright mirrors—
Whose cheek and the rose-bud are one.

While he of the lute and the laurel
For thee has forgotten the throng,
And builds on thy fairy-like beauty
A future of sigh and of song.

Ay, listen, but as unto music
The wild wind is bearing away,
As sweet as the sea-shells at evening,
But far too unearthly to stay.

For the love-dream that haunts the young poet
Is coloured too much by his mind—
A fabric of fancy and falsehood,
But never for lasting designed.
For he lives but in beauty—his visions
Inspire with their passion his strain;
And the spirit so quick at impression
Was never meant long to remain.

But another is passing before me—
Oh, pause, let me gaze on thy brow;
I've seen thee, fair lady, thrice lovely,
But never so lovely as now.
Thou art changed since those earlier numbers,
When thou wert a vision to me;
And copies from some fairest picture,
My heroines were painted from thee.

Thy cheek with its sunset of crimson,
Like a rose crushed on ivory, bears
Its sunny smile still, but a softness
Is now in the radiance it wears.
A halo of love is around thee,
It is as if nature had willed
That thy happiness should be affection,
And thy destiny now is fulfilled.

Be thou happy—a thousand times happy!
If the gentle, the good, and the kind,
Could make of themselves an existence,
How blessed a fate thou wouldst find!
For never their elements blended
In a nature more lovely than thine;
And thy beauty is but a reflection
Of what thine own heart is the shrine.

Farewell! I shall make thee no longer
My sweet summer queen of romance;
No more will my princes pay homage,
My knights for thy smile break the lance.
Confess they were exquisite lovers,
The fictions that knelt at thy throne;
But the graceful, the gallant, the noble,
What fancy could equal thine own?

Farewell! and henceforth I enshrine thee
Mid the earlier dreams that have past
O'er my lute, like the fairies by moonlight,
To leave it more lonely at last.
Alas! it is sad to remember
The once gentle music now mute;
For many a chord hath time stolen
Alike from my heart and my lute.

Ah, most of their memories are shadows,
Flung down from the brightness of yore;
There are feelings for ever departed,
And hopes that are treasures no more.
But thou livest only in music—
A broken but beautiful spell;
'Tis as well, for my song has grown colder—
Sweet lady, for ever farewell!

'Tis midnight—but think not of slumber,
There are dreams enow floating around;
But ah, our soft dreams while thus waking
Are aye the most dangerous found.
Like the note of a lute was that whisper—
Fair girl, do not raise those dark eyes;
Love only could breathe such a murmur,
And what will Love bring thee but sighs?

And thou, thou pale dreamer, whose forehead
Is flushed with the circle's light praise,
O let it not dwell on thy spirit—
How vain are the hopes it will raise!

The praise of the crowd and the careless,
Just caught by a chance and a name,
O take it as pleasant and passing,
But never mistake it for fame!

Look for fame from the toil of thy midnight,
When thy rapt spirit eagle-like springs;
But for the glad, the gay, and the social,
Take only the butterfly's wings.

The flowers around us are fading—
Meet comrades for revels are they;
And the lamps overhead are decaying—
How cold seems the coming of day!

There, fling off the wreath and the sandal,
And bid the dark curtains round close;
For your cheek from the morning's tired
slumber

Must win its sweet exile the rose.
What, weary and saddened! this evening
Is an earnest what all pleasures seem—
A few eager hours' enjoyment—
A toil, a regret, and a dream!

L. E. L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ISLAND OF CEYLON.

FEW civil improvements have ever been introduced among a people of a more extensively beneficial nature than the communication to the native inhabitants of Ceylon (the only settlement in India that is directly under the government of his Majesty,) of the right of acting as jurymen on the trial of their own countrymen for criminal offences, and the consequent resolution of the proprietors of slaves in the same island, that all children born of those slaves, after a certain date, should be born free. To commemorate two events of such importance not only to Ceylon, but to the cause of civilisation generally, a large and beautiful print, engraved in aquatinta, and splendidly coloured, has lately been published by Mr. Ackermann. It represents the trial of five natives of high caste for murder, before the supreme court, in its new court-house at Colombo; and in the foreground the resolution for manumitting the future children of slaves is promulgating to a group of female slaves, who attended in public court in order to express their gratitude on the occasion, and who are surrounded by all the persons, Europeans as well as natives, who had any share in the transaction. The following passages, which we extract from a key published with the engraving, convey a brief but perspicuous history of the two interesting occurrences to which we have alluded:—

"Sir Alexander Johnston, when first member of his Majesty's Council in Ceylon, having conceived that the best mode of insuring the stability of the British authority in that part of the world was, to admit the natives to share the benefits of the institutions of our free country, was deputed in 1809, by the governor and council, to submit, in his official capacity, to his majesty's ministers such measures as he thought best calculated to accomplish this object. The ministers having approved the measures thus recommended, caused a charter to be issued under the great seal of England, granting to the natives of Ceylon the right of sitting upon juries, and of being tried by juries of their countrymen. Sir Alexander Johnston returned in 1811, with the appointment of chief-justice and president of his majesty's council in Ceylon, lost no time in carrying the provisions of this charter into effect; and it was at his suggestion that the proprietors of slaves in the island, by way of manifesting their gratitude to the sovereign of a free nation for having granted to

them and their countrymen the rights of free-men, unanimously resolved, that all children born of their slaves after the 12th of August, the anniversary of his majesty's birth, in the year 1816, should be considered as free, and be brought up at their expense till the age of fourteen; thus associating for ever in the minds of their posterity, the memory of his majesty with all the blessings which are to be derived from a state of freedom.*

"The introduction of the trial by jury among all the classes of the natives of Ceylon, without distinction, has been the means of gradually removing the religious jealousies which prevailed among them, and habituating the people of all the different religions, and of all the different nations of Asia, resident in the island, to attend together the proceedings of the supreme court, both as jurors and spectators. Hence the painter enjoyed the best opportunity of representing not only the costume of the jurors, of the slaves, and of their masters, but also that of the natives of every part of India. The engraving accordingly exhibits with great accuracy, not only the costume of the priests of the Hindoo, Budhoo, and Mahomedan religions, but also that of the Protestant and Catholic missionaries, that of the Malabar inhabitants of the north, as well as that of the Cingalese inhabitants of the south and interior of Ceylon, that of the Malay princes and their attendants from the eastern islands; that of the people of the Laccadive and Maldiva islands, that of the Hindoo population of the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel; and that of the Moguls, Arabs, and Parsees.

"Owing to the continual intercourse kept up between the natives of Ceylon and the people of Hindoostan, the privilege granted by his majesty to the former soon became generally known and desired throughout the British empire in the East; and, induced by the success which had attended the introduction of the measure in that island, the parliament, by an act passed in 1826, extended the same right to the natives of all the British territories in India. Hence, the trial by jury is now become an object of general interest to more than one hundred and twenty millions of people, inhabiting countries containing upwards of three hundred thousand geographical square miles, and extending from the Gulf of Cambay to the rivers Ganges and Barrumpooter, and from the Himalaya mountains to Cape Comorin.

"This engraving has been executed from a painting made by J. Stephanoff, after an original sketch taken by a native of Ceylon, who was himself a jurymen, and highly delighted with the right conferred on himself and his countrymen; and many of the figures are portraits of the persons of different castes, nations, and religions, who took an active part in the introduction of trial by jury, and in the emancipation of slave children."

At a time when the future government of India is a subject of public discussion before both houses of parliament,† it must be an object of great interest and curiosity to trace the origin and progress of measures which must ultimately produce the greatest moral and political change in the feelings and conduct of the natives of India. Of a few of the benefits which have

already been derived from them, the following extracts from a letter written at his own request to the president of the board of control, by Sir Alexander Johnston, in the year 1826, will give some idea:—

"The native jurymen, from knowing the different degrees of weight which may safely be given to the testimony of their countrymen, decide upon questions of fact with so much more promptitude than Europeans could do, that, since the introduction of trial by jury, no trial lasts above a day, and no session above a week or ten days at farthest; whereas, before the introduction of trial by jury, a single trial used sometimes to last six weeks or two months, and a single session not unfrequently for three months. All the natives who attend the courts as jurymen obtain so much information during their attendance, relative to the modes of proceeding and the rules of evidence, that since the establishment of jury trial, government have been enabled to find amongst the half-castes and native jurymen some of the most efficient and respectable native magistrates in the country, who, under the control of the supreme court, at little or no expense to government, administer justice in inferior offences to the native inhabitants. The introduction of the trial by native juries, at the same time that it has increased the efficiency and despatch of the courts, and has relieved both prisoners and witnesses from the hardships which they incurred from the protracted delay of the criminal sessions, has, independent of the savings it enabled the Ceylon government to make immediately on its introduction, since afforded that government an opportunity of carrying into effect, in the judicial department of the island, a plan for a permanent saving of ten thousand pounds a year. No man, whose character for honesty or veracity is impeached, can be enrolled on the list of jurymen; the circumstance of a man's name being upon the jury roll, is a proof of his being a man of unexceptionable character, and is that to which he appeals in case his character be attacked in a court of justice, or in case he solicits his government for promotion in their service. As the rolls of jurymen are revised by the supreme court at every session, they operate as a most powerful engine in making the people of the country more attentive than they used to be in their adherence to truth. The right of sitting upon juries has given the natives of Ceylon a value for character which they never felt before, and has raised, in a very remarkable manner, the standard of their moral feelings. All the natives of Ceylon who are enrolled as jurymen, conceive themselves to be as much a part as the European judges themselves are, of the government of their country; and therefore feel, since they have possessed the right of sitting upon juries, an interest which they never felt before in upholding the British government of Ceylon. The beneficial consequence of this feeling is strongly exemplified in the difference between the conduct which the native inhabitants of the British settlements on Ceylon observed in the Kandian war of 1803, and that which they observed in the Kandian war of 1816. In the war between the British and Kandian government in 1803, which was before the introduction of trial by jury, the native inhabitants of the British settlements were, for the most part, in a state of rebellion; in the war between the same governments in 1816, which was five years after the introduction of trial by jury, the native inhabitants of the British settlements, so far from shewing the smallest symptom of dissatisfaction, took, during the very heat of the war,

the opportunity of my return to England, to express their gratitude through me to the British government, for the valuable right of sitting upon juries, which had been conferred upon them by his present majesty."

"The difference between the conduct which was observed by all the proprietors of slaves on Ceylon in 1806, which was before the introduction of trial by jury, and that which was observed by them in 1816, which was five years after the introduction of the trial by jury, is a strong proof of the change which may be brought about in public opinion, by the judges availing themselves of the opportunity which their charging the jury on the first day of session affords them, of circulating among the natives of the country such opinions as may promote the welfare of any particular class of society. As the right of every proprietor of slaves, to continue to hold slaves on Ceylon, was guaranteed to him by the capitulation under which the Dutch possessions had been surrendered to the British arms in 1795, the British government of Ceylon conceived that, however desirable the measure might be, they had not a right to abolish slavery on Ceylon by any legislative act. A proposition was, however, made on the part of government by me to the proprietors of slaves in 1806, before trial by jury was introduced, urging them to adopt some plan of their own accord for the gradual abolition of slavery: this proposition they at that time unanimously rejected. The right of sitting upon juries was granted to the inhabitants of Ceylon in 1811. From that period I availed myself of the opportunities which were afforded to me when I delivered my charge, at the commencement of each session, to the jurymen, most of whom were considerable proprietors of slaves, of informing them of what was doing in England upon the subject of the abolition of slavery, and of pointing out to them the difficulties which they themselves must frequently experience, in executing with impartiality their duties as jurymen, in all cases in which slaves were concerned. A change of opinion upon the subject of slavery was gradually perceptible amongst them; and in the year 1816, the proprietors of slaves of all castes and religious persuasions in Ceylon, sent me their unanimous resolutions, to be publicly recorded in court, declaring free all children born of their slaves after the 12th of August, 1816; which in the course of a few years must put an end to the state of slavery which had subsisted on Ceylon for more than three centuries."

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Fading Scene. Written by R. Montgomery; composed by J. Barnett. J. Barnett.

A MELODIOUS composition, with sweet words—plaintive and appropriate.

Helen Trevor. The Words by G. Sharp; composed by C. E. Horn. Goulding and D'Almaine.

EVERY thing about this ballad seems to taste of music, from the writer, G. Sharp, to the composer, Horn. Nor have we met with a sweeter composition for many a day—it is simple, easy, and pathetic; and we should dearly like to hear it sung by Miss Paton, to whom it is inscribed.

Hasten o'er the Lea. The Words and Music by Henry Faze.

WE do not remember to have heard of the name of Faze before; but from the taste here

* The number of slave proprietors (being in fact the whole of the slave proprietors in Ceylon) who agreed to this resolution was 761; and the number of full-grown slaves, male and female, to whom the resolution applied, was about 10,000.

† Sir Alexander Johnston, to whom India and the British empire at large are indebted for these two invaluable measures, was examined with respect to them before the Committee of the House of Lords on the 16th and 19th of last March.

displayed, we are sure his compositions are likely to be favourites with our fair friends.

The Pride of the Village. Written and composed by J. Green. J. Green.

A PLEASANT piece, in the old ballad style, and with something peculiarly fanciful to recommend the music.

The Castanet. By E. Fitz Ball; the Music by G. H. Rodwell. Goulding and D'Almaine.

THE nice merry little ballad sung with so much effect by the nice merry little Mrs. Keeley in the *Spring Lock*. The accompaniment to the second part possesses much novelty, and does great credit to Mr. Rodwell.

The Bower of Love; and From Distant Climes a Troubadour, by the same parties, and in the same opera, deserve equal praise. As in the *Bottle Imp*, the music of these compositions requires only to be heard to become very popular, and contribute to rank the composer's works generally with the most brilliant song efforts of the day.

The Soldier's Boy to his Mother. By J. Macdonald Harris. Falkner.

EVIDENTLY intended as a companion to "the Mariner's Child to his Mother," to which we gave such well-merited praise. It is enough, therefore, to say that we approve as highly of this song. It would make a delightful duet with very little alteration. Mr. Harris sets compositions rather high for many voices to execute them perfectly.

To the Gay Tournament. By T. H. Bayly, Esq.; Music by T. Cooke. Cramer and Co. SANG by Vestris in *Perfection*, and a charming lively air, with which, as all the world are pleased, we need only *encore* the common opinion.

SIGNOR DE BEGNIS' Concert on Friday last week was one of the most attractive of the season, and the entertainments of the most varied and excellent description. The humour and talent of the Signor himself are enough to give *éclat* to such a performance; but he was surrounded by many of the most popular *artistes* now in the metropolis; and their combined exertions rendered the treat particularly full and agreeable.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

IN our last number we expressed our anxiety to see Lalande and Lablache in *Semiramide*. Within the week the opera has been twice represented. Before we touch upon the vocal performance, we shall make a few remarks on the execution of the instrumental music, more especially as the orchestral department of this theatre seldom comes under the notice of the critic. We did not suppose it possible that the absence of one individual (need we say we allude to Spagnoletti?) could cause, on both nights, so sensible a deterioration in the execution of the general performance, vocal and instrumental. The slovenly and ineffective manner in which the beautiful overture of this opera was played, particularly on Saturday, was any thing but creditable to the theatre. Mr. Mori is, unquestionably, a solo player of the very first order; but there is a wide difference between *fiddling* a concerto and leading an orchestra.

Of the vocal cast of *Semiramide* we have now to speak. With the exception of Curioni, in

the character of *Idreno*, the distribution of the parts was altogether novel; Lalande was the Assyrian queen, Malibran *Arsace*, Lablache *Assur*, Ambrogi *Oroe*, chief of the magi, and Santini the *Spirit of Ninus*. We notice the performers as they appear on the scene. The voice of Lablache, we must premise, is, by some of our contemporaries, erroneously pronounced to be a bass: it is a baritone, of which the upper notes are decidedly the best. Nor is his voice of that immense volume, or gigantic tone, which many were led to imagine he possessed, from the manner in which he bellowed out his D, in his inimitable performance of the deaf *Geronimo*. The fact is, the voice of Lablache is very unequal; nor, in the lower register, is there aught of roundness, depth, or force. The style of his singing resembles that of Remorini; but those who remember that excellent *artiste* must give the preference to Remorini in serious songs. Neither does he possess the fire of Galli, or feeling of Zuchelli. In a word, the serious is not the forte of Signor Lablache; comedy best suits his person and powers. Nevertheless, we should like to see him in *Fernando*, in *La Gazza Ladra*.

Although the *Semiramide* of Lalande is not to our taste, inasmuch as there is a want of majesty in her mien, which considerably detracts from her merits as an actress, yet we are free to confess that her singing in our estimation has raised her somewhat in our estimation as a vocalist. Madame Lalande is neither devoid of taste nor feeling; her voice is peculiarly adapted for the delivery of pathetic passages; but she does not excel in the *bravura*; and there is a great want of closeness and precision in her execution of those runs which are more immediately confined to the diatonic scale.

Of Madame Malibran's *Arsace* we cannot speak in very high terms. We do not deny her the merit of looking and dressing the character better than her gifted predecessor; but to say that, either in acting or singing, she can compete with Pisanoni in the part, is praise beyond her merit. Her style of singing is at once unmeaning and meretricious, the sound being always at variance with the sense. From her extravagant fondness for what she may imagine to be ornament, the original melodies of some of the most beautiful cavatinas extant are totally deprived of their "fair proportions." We said, on a former occasion, in a notice of Madame Malibran's performance, that "the music of Rossini was sufficiently embroidered,* without adding to its original garb aught of gingerbread gaudery;" and added, "how different in this particular is Pasta! Pasta rather diminishes than adds to the numberless notes of this popular composer: any alteration she makes in the text of her author is always for the better. With Malibran it is quite the reverse." We conclude by observing, that we perceive, with regret, that many of our metropolitan critics, together with a considerable portion of the bald-pated public (no allusion to the *soi-disant dilettanti* who nightly occupy the front row in the pit), are fast making Madame M. more of an *enfant gâté* than she has yet become.

DRURY LANE.

A NEW drama, in three acts, called the *Spanish Husband*; or, *First and Last Love*, was pro-

* On Tuesday night an amateur observed to a friend seated beside him in the pit, that "Malibran's embellishing Rossini's music was something like sending coals to Newcastle." "No," replied a wag, "not coals, *coke* you mean."

duced on Tuesday, from the pen of Mr. Howard Payne. In plot it nearly resembles *Bertram*, the interest hinging on the return of a lady's first love, after she has been induced by her father to marry another. In language it is far inferior to its prototype, and its conclusion is most lame and impotent. A beloved son and brother is seen borne off, mortally wounded, with the greatest unconcern, by his father and sister; the latter of whom is coquetishly arranging some matrimonial business with a volatile sprig of royalty,—and the curtain falls upon the happy party. In the second act, too, amongst other incongruities, we have a strange artist introduced into a Spanish nobleman's study, where he stands with his hat flapped over his eyes in the nobleman's presence, and paints a whole-length of his wife, and as finely as Titian (at least, so says the gentleman), in the course of five minutes. To be sure, if he took off his hat, the husband would see it was his rival, and there would be an end of the business; but would it not have been possible to have invented a better disguise, and at the same time avoided the staring improbability of a fine painting being made as quickly as they take a black profile in the Strand? (for the painting itself, be it noticed, has no influence whatever on the plot). We think so; but, then, we are simple souls, and no dramatists, and are most likely mistaken. Defective, however, as the piece is, we must, in justice to the author, observe, that, with one or two exceptions, little was done for it in the way of acting, and less in the getting up. A conflagration, in the last scene of the second act, was so poorly and clumsily managed, that a situation of real interest was sadly injured, and the drama for some moments in jeopardy. Mr. Wallack was superbly dressed, but seemed to feel the improbability of his situations and the repulsiveness of his character. Jones and Harley had nothing to do worthily of them; but *Bianca* and *Julia* were, surely, susceptible of treble the interest imparted to them by Miss Phillips and Miss Mordaunt: the latter lady, indeed, little more than walked through the part. Mrs. Glover was admirable, as, indeed, she always is; and Cooper had the best of it among the gentlemen. We must not forget to mention, that Mr. Robinson, one of the counter-tenors of this theatre, sung a version of "*Le gallant Troubadour*" with much sweetness and taste, in the masquerade scene, and was honoured with a very general *encore*. The drama was announced for repetition by Mr. Wallack, amidst applause; but will scarcely live through the season, we imagine, near as it now is to a close.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Tuesday, one of the most deservedly popular actresses that has adorned the stage in our time, Mrs. Davenport, took her farewell benefit, and final leave of the stage. The house, need we say it? was crowded on the occasion. This week, Miss F. Kemble has performed no fewer than four characters, requiring great variety of talent (at least, we take it for granted she played *Lady Townly* last night); and, when we consider the youth of this sweet and gifted creature, we cannot wonder at the attraction which has attended them all, filling the theatre, and being warmly applauded whenever she appears. On one evening, *Teddy the Tyler* made us laugh as much as ever, though about its fiftieth repetition.

VARIETIES.

The late Winter.—It is extraordinary, that although the late winter was so rigorous in this part of the world, letters have been received from Kamtschatka stating, that the oldest inhabitants do not remember one so mild.

Constantinople.—By permission of the sultan, a journal is about to be published at Constantinople, in the Turkish and French languages.

The Plague.—A long letter has been received from Dr. Pariset, dated Abouzabil, in Egypt, Feb. 25. It contains curious and afflicting details of the ravages of the plague in 1824, and of some recent cases. It appears that, in 1824, in the hamlet of Fishabauch, the number of the inhabitants of which was only 300, not fewer than 125 were carried off in two nights, and that the mortality in many other places was equally extensive and rapid. Dr. Pariset confirms the statement of Paré, that the plague is sometimes propagated by means of a particular kind of fly, which sucks the dead body, and afterwards biting living subjects, introduces the disease.

Water-proof Cloth, &c.—At the last sitting of the Paris Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, upon reading a report on the means of making cloth water-proof, by a solution of caoutchouc (Indian rubber), placed between two thin cloths, which being passed under heavy pressure becomes solid, it was stated, that the discovery of dissolving this gum for such purposes was made by the French chemists, Marquer, Laffond, &c. This is incorrect. It is an English invention.—At this sitting it was stated, that, in consequence of great improvements made in the manufacture of glass in France for optical and other purposes, that country has ceased to be tributary to Great Britain for a supply; and it was even boasted that some of the largest glasses now used in this country for telescopes are of French manufacture. Mention was made of a steam-engine of sixteen-horse power, in the establishment of M. Pihet, which has been at work daily for the last four years, and which consumes only 96lbs. of coals in the hour.

Chin-chopper!—Wonders, to be sure, will never cease! A German, of the name of Michael Boai, we understand, has been found to execute the most difficult pieces of music, producing a tone and effect far beyond what can be conceived possible, by simply striking upon his chin! He has already performed before the courts of Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, and lastly at the Hague, to the astonishment of all the musical professors of those capitals. There is a certain attraction about the British metropolis, which rarely escapes the penetration of artists of this description; and therefore our readers will not be surprised to learn that he is now actually upon his way to London. By what term his extraordinary performance should be designated, will, we think, become a puzzle for the ingenious—*chin-chopper*, we suppose he would deem hardly sufficiently high sounding.

Spanish Architecture.—The first volume has recently been published at Madrid of a History of Spanish Architecture and Architects, by M. Cean Bermudez, a man most profoundly versed in the fine arts, who has devoted his whole life (and he is now 80 years of age) to the study of Spanish archæology. The merit of the author being universally acknowledged in his own country, and his object being national and patriotic, King Ferdinand has sent him twenty

thousand francs to assist in defraying the expense of his work, which will be in four volumes, and will embrace the history of Spanish architecture from the most remote period down to the present time. Spain is indeed a country well entitled to attract the attention and excite the interest of the lovers of the fine arts. Successively occupied by the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, the Romans, and the Arabs, it contains monuments of the domination of all these nations—so different in their origin, language, and manners. From the fifteenth century, and during the period of the power of the Spanish monarchy, the arts made great progress, and have left the stamp of their grandeur in the magnificent productions of architecture which are the admiration of connoisseurs, and of which the Spanish people have a right to be proud.

Literary Piracy.—An ordinance of the Emperor of Austria has just prohibited, under severe penalties, the forgery of books. It is well known that Vienna has been from time immemorial the resort of the forgers of German works. In Paris, the editors of the *Revue Française*, the *Revue de Paris*, and the *Gazette Littéraire*, have combined in a resolution to prosecute the publishers of sheets, who appropriate to themselves entire compositions extracted from interesting periodical works. This question of literary property is about to be submitted to the decision of the tribunals. A summons has already been issued to the conductor of the *Pirate*.

Weber.—A Paris paper contains an account of the residence and death of this great composer in London, which is curious for its misrepresentations. The writer, who pretends to have been the friend of Weber, tells us that Weber was in great distress—that he lost 2,000 francs by his concert—that the Prussian and Saxon ambassadors, hearing of his distress, offered him pecuniary aid, which he refused; and that finally, in order to defray the expenses of his funeral, a guinea subscription was opened, each subscriber to be entitled to a ticket of admission to St. Paul's, and to write his or her name on Weber's tomb! This, says the writer, was a good speculation: St. Paul's was hardly large enough to contain the guinea spectators, and a sum was collected which would have sufficed for the support of his family; but every shilling remained in London. We should not be surprised if the Parisians were to believe this story!

French Bible Society.—By a report made to the Protestant Bible Society in Paris, it appears that the receipts of the Society amounted in the year 1829 to 43,377 francs, and its expenditure to 30,943 francs.

Population of Vienna.—According to official returns, it appears that in 1829 Vienna contained 289,785 inhabitants; of whom 142,654 were men, and 147,131 women. The number of births in 1829 had been 13,291 legitimate children; of whom 6,999 were boys, and 5,474 illegitimate children, of whom 2,197 were girls; 13,099 were Catholics, 161 belonged to the Reformed church, 30 to the Greek church, and 30 were Jews. The number of deaths in 1829 had been 13,829, of whom 7,295 were males, and 6,534 females; 13,453 were Catholics, 233 Protestants, 117 Jews, and 26 Greeks; 4,588 died before attaining the age of a twelvemonth; 1,175 before they were 4 years old; 1,186 from 4 to 20 years old; 2,470 from 20 to 40; 2,087 from 40 to 60; 1,984 from 60 to 80; 337 from 80 to 100; and 4 above 100 years of age: 13,338 died of common disorders; 342 of the small-pox; 45 by suicide; only 1 by

homicide; and 106 of sudden death. During the whole year there was not a single person condemned to capital punishment.

Fossil Bones.—An immense quantity of the fossil bones of the hippopotamus, the elephant, the mammoth, and other species of animals no longer in existence, has been recently discovered in a cavern near Palermo.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertiser, No. XXII. May 20.]

The March of Intellect, a Comic Poem, by W. T. Moncrieff; with wood engravings by R. Cruickshank.—Leaves and Flowers for an Album, by a C.-devant Author.—A Second Series of the Irish Pulpit; Original Sermons by Clergymen of the Established Church in Ireland.—Practical Remarks on the Book of Exodus, for Family Worship.—A Brief View of the different Editions of the Scriptures of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches.—Irish Cottagers, by Mr. Martin Doyle.—O'Donoghue, Prince of Killarney, a Poem, by Miss Bourke.—The Northern Tourist, or Stranger's Guide to the North and North-west of Ireland, by P. D. Hardy.—Ten Views of Picturesque Scenery in the same quarter.—Letters from France, Savoy, &c., by George Downes, A.M.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Horsley's Works, 9 vols. 8vo. 4l. 7s. bds.; Charges, new edition, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Wiffen's Tasso, third edition, 2 vols. fcp. 15s. bds.—Burke's Official Calendar, 1830, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.—Cruikshank's Planter, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Mornings with Mamma, royal 18mo. 4s. bds.—Gregson on Friendly Societies, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Hull's Discourses, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Butler's Life of D'Aguesseau, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Bicheno's Ireland and its Economy, crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Coleridge's Introduction to the Classics, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Theologies, 12mo. 12s. 7s. 6d. bds.—Porter on the Sugar-Cane, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Review of the Principles of Contingent Truth, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Dwarris on Statutes, 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Fiction without Romance, 2 vols. 8vo. 16s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

| May. | Thermometer. | Barometer. |
|----------------|-----------------|------------------|
| Thursday... 20 | From 45. to 65. | 29.86 Stationary |
| Friday... 21 | 46. — 67. | 29.80 to 29.75 |
| Saturday... 22 | 45. — 63. | 29.69 — 29.86 |
| Sunday... 23 | 41. — 68. | 29.89 — 29.80 |
| Monday... 24 | 51. — 67. | 29.69 — 29.65 |
| Tuesday... 25 | 43. — 63. | 29.64 — 29.49 |
| Wednesday 26 | 47. — 59. | 29.42 Stationary |

Prevailing wind, N.E. and S.W. Except the 21st, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy rain. Thunder, accompanied with vivid lightning, from eleven till midnight on the 21st. The storm of the 23d, which in the neighbourhood of London was attended with fatal consequences, was here first noticed about three in the afternoon, when distant thunder was heard in the S.W., which approached us till due south, when the lightning was most vivid and the thunder most intense: it passed over to the E. and N.E., where, when at a considerable distance, the thunder rolled for half an hour without an intermission of three seconds. Rain fallen, 1 inch and $\frac{2}{3}$ of an inch.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 33" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. April 1830.

| | |
|--------------------------|---------|
| Thermometer—Highest..... | 74.75 |
| Lowest..... | 30.50 |
| Mean..... | 46.3041 |
| Barometer—Highest..... | 29.95 |
| Lowest..... | 29.93 |
| Mean..... | 29.902 |

Number of days of rain, 14.
Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 3.9375.
Winds—3 East—4 West—0 North—4 South—2 North-east—12 South-west—4 North-west.

General Observations.—Rain fell on fourteen days, and the quantity was great for the season, though not equal to what was experienced in April last year, which was an extraordinarily wet month: the mean temperature considerably higher than since 1825, and the extremes of heat and cold greater than in any one of the corresponding months of the last seven years—the barometer was generally higher than for the last two years, although the maximum did not reach the average: a rainbow seen on the 23d, about 3 P.M., and soon after, the thunder was heard. The evaporation 0.475 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. R.'s lines are feeling enough; but we cannot insert them. H. H. is in the same order.

Neither having seen designs, plans, nor estimates, we are unable to speak of the proposed triumphal arch near Battle Bridge, in honour of his Majesty George IV. We are, however, of opinion, that in the centre of all very wide openings, or where several streets cross, there ought to be some object interposed for the safety of pedestrians.

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